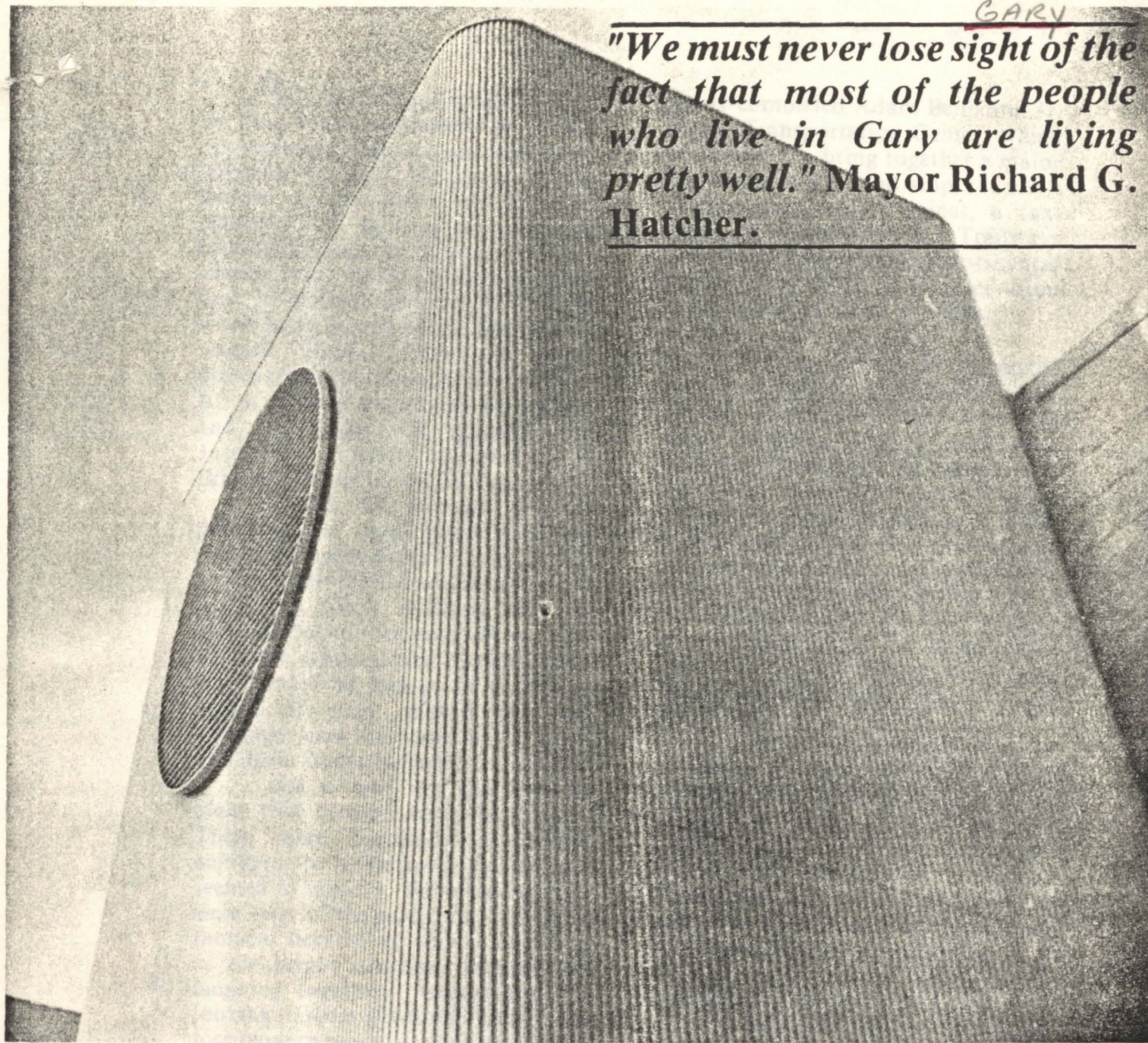




"We must never lose sight of the fact that most of the people who live in Gary are living pretty well." Mayor Richard G. Hatcher.

GARY:

The Most Misunderstood City in America

by David Sander

At a small tourist village near the boat docks in northern Jamaica, I once watched a picturesque policeman directing traffic. He stood in the middle of the street on a raised platform like that of a symphony conductor, and, as if to some fast-beating inner music no one else could hear, he gestured and coaxed with his whole body as well as his arms, as the wagons, Vespas, lorries, and horse-drawn tourist carriages lumbered past. All of us took pictures of his actions and his bright red uniform, the Jamaican tourist equivalent of Britain's Changing of the Guard.

I had not thought of that policeman for many years, until one noontime last summer I found myself at the corner of Fifth and Broadway in downtown Gary, watching with the same fascination the antics of the pith-helmeted, white-gloved black maestro who herded as fast as he could the lorries of steel, motorcycles and passenger cars that came to life again and again under his agile command.

But it was not the maestro alone that brought back the image. There were hundreds of people enjoying the same spectacle, and he seemed to sense it. All of us together were part of the audience, and for a moment became as warm and caring as the bright sunshine, talking and laughing together. Others strolled, looking in store windows. There were nice modern buses carrying passengers to and fro, benches filled with spectators, residents in prosperous and colorful garb, with the authoritative and protective presence of the magnificent structures around us. The great greensward of the park area in front of Genesis Center made the blue of the sky and the delight of the day seem more intense.

It was as though the people themselves had discovered their city, and found it beautiful.

Glistening from a half-block away lay the shiny, new, powerful-looking Genesis Center, where, on many occasions, every one of its 9,000 arena seats were filled. Beyond it the

nearly-completed Adam Benjamin Jr. Metro Transportation Center, which was shortly to bring together a major South Shore Railroad stop, the city's northernmost bus terminal, a taxi stand, terminal stops for Trailways and Greyhound transcontinental buses, restaurants, an observation platform and a series of shops.

Sharing the same esplanade was the county courthouse, and, directly across the street, City Hall, both buildings proudly presenting their fluted columns and entablature, the same kind of Greco-Roman architecture that had meant so much to America's 19th Century in its quest for beauty and culture. And there was the towering Sheraton Hotel, with a great enclosed elevated walkway that permits patrons of the hotel to go across to the festivities at Genesis Center without having to go through street traffic.

A block away, one could hear workmen finishing up another new building, this one a Sports Complex. There was to be a Toll Road exit, already nearly complete, which would be open next Spring, and, for the first time, permit cars to come from distant parts and drop down onto Broadway and virtually into the parking area of Genesis, without ever having to go through a single block of Gary.

There are new shops at the corner, in a building already remodeled, where one can buy fancy attire for men and women in several exquisite boutiques, the forerunner of many others to come!

What potential greatness lay in the future use of these buildings, I thought to myself! If only the outside world could be here with me now, it would completely alter its distorted image, and see Gary in a whole new and beautiful light.

How wrong I was!

Not that the entire city could not be beautiful, because it shall.

Not that its people could not be made prosperous, because they will.

For Sale



UNIQUE LAKEFRONT LAND

— INDIANA DUNES —

1-1/2 beautiful wooded acres on Lake Michigan sandy beach. Spectacular views. 1 hour from Chicago.

Call (219) 872-2820 weekends or (312) 836-0015 evenings.

3 SHOWS. All NEW. All FREE.

Take your imagination on a trip through time to see how energy makes today easier — through the POWER OF IDEAS.

Then a rotating diorama shows how I&M's Donald C. Cook Plant generates electricity.

Finally, get a better-than-real tour through the Cook Plant from our video tour guide.

Come for these three shows Wednesday-Saturday, 10-5; Sundays, 11-5. Enjoy a picnic lunch or snack indoors on the lakefront terrace.

Special conference/dining room facilities for business/civic groups up to 100.

Energize
your
imagination!

Cook Energy Information Center

An Indiana & Michigan Electric Company Facility

616/465-6101

616/983-2028



And not that its once-great downtown marketplace could not grow to exceed even its former greatness, because there is every chance of its happening.

Where was I wrong?

Never have I encountered so much hostility, hatred, blame, intransigence or contumely on all sides. To mention 'Gary' inside or outside the city was to start an outpouring of wrongs and grievances that, once started, must be heard to their inalterable conclusion. The emotions were identical with those of persons having undergone a tumultuous and vituperative divorce: all of them remembering with love the way it used to be, all of them hating the way it is now. Everybody I talked to felt that they were the wronged victim, and that the other partner had gotten custody, so to speak, of the furniture, the bank account, and the kids.

No amount of seeing anything visible—good or bad—at the corner of Fifth and Broadway was going to change anybody's mind.

A Racial History

As early as 1960, the racial balance of Gary began to undergo a radical change. Whereas it had always been a city of polygot cultures—representing some 75 nations of the world—nearly all of the major cultures were Caucasian: in a word, White.

Then came rumors that Blacks—then called Negroes—comprised nearly half of the population, followed by rumors that they comprised more than half. Whereas Black students in the Gary Public Schools numbered but slightly more than a third of the total enrollment in 1951, in 1961 Black students reached and crossed what many believed to be the danger mark—fifty percent. The handwriting was on the wall. When Black enrollment reached 55 percent the following year, the White exodus began in earnest.

Black and White relations in Gary had never been very good. While the steelworkers' C.I.O. unions created as best they could an equality within the mills, the nation was galloping ahead following World War II and didn't have time for philosophy. Blacks were as segregated in Gary as they were in most of the pre-Selma march in the South. They could not swim at the Marquette Park beach, join the YMCA, get city jobs as street car conductors or janitors, or eat in the White restaurants. The YMCA would not even hire black janitors. (One Black youth who tried to tough it out

at Marquette Park one day, had his head beaten into jelly, serving as both question and answer for a decade).

That's to say nothing of housing in the ghetto where Blacks were forced to fester, their population growing but their proscribed area of housing remained the same. Fifty-five percent of Gary's residents were forced to live in 25 percent of Gary's housing, unable to move. Open Housing marches, which preceded the Martin Luther King march in Selma, only made matters worse between the races in Gary.

So the Whites took flight. Southward into Glen Park, southward beyond that. The pressure to move increased during the next ten years (and still increases today) southward into other counties. Today Glen Park is no longer considered safe, nor is Merrillville. Route 30 is the new imaginary line.

One may pause here to wonder at the havoc caused by the moving. Two races, yes, but was there *that* much difference between them that they couldn't talk it over, stay friends, come to terms with it? Did Slavic steelworkers, whose life savings were in the property value of their homes, have to give it all up, sell out at less than the property was worth, and start all over again paying for a house in another neighborhood, that new neighborhood 'endangered' yet a second time?

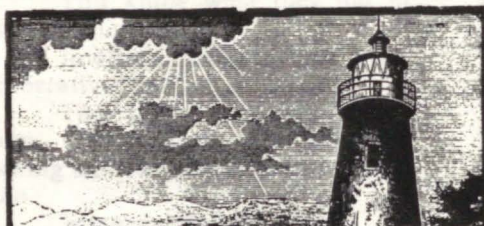
It seems they did.

This is, after all, America.

And in America a man has a right to make a buck, even at someone else's expense.

So there were plenty of rumors to divide black from white, to create block after block of white flight: rumors created by Americans in the business of buying and selling houses.

Better move while you can, the real estate people said, buying cheap and selling dear to the new immigrants from the ghetto a few miles away. Some merely made two nice commissions. Others frightened the White owners so much that they sold at any price at all. And the real estate people bought the houses, reselling them at enormous profit. Did block after block of all-White houses have to become all-Black? Of course not. There could have been, there must at some point be, blocks, neighborhoods, whole communities where the two races live in both harmony and friendship amidst high real estate values, a lesson that could have been learned, had there been someone there to teach, from every city of Gary's size



DUNES

Lighting Center

The Finest in
Lighting Fixtures

(219) 738-2626
755 E. 82nd Ave.
Merrillville In

THOMAS
INCORPORATED

Toll Free In Indiana
1-800-233-8637

in the United States. In Miller, where White Flight brought down dramatically the prices paid for homes 20 years ago, prices two years ago were already higher than those paid for the homes originally. The former home of a top utility executive was recently put on the market at \$345,000.

There was another factor, too—an irony so great that no one even tried to cope with it. "How can we possibly make friends", many Whites reasoned (unreasonably), "with people whom we have treated so badly!"

In 1967, two extraordinary things happened to change perhaps forever the character of Gary.

One was the election of Richard Gordon Hatcher as mayor of Gary.

What was the other one? Could there possibly be anything as momentous as this rascally, hard-bitten, knock-down, drag-out fight between (as it turned out) White and Black?

Yes, there could.

It was a kind of 'Gentlemen's Agreement' between the White powers of Lake County and their fellow-Whites of the state legislature, and resulted in a decision so shocking and unbelievable to the Blacks of Gary who, not knowing how those games were played and unable to make an effective counter, still shake their heads in profound wonder.

Some call it the most racist piece of legislation in the history of Indiana.

Others philosophically consider it just another in a series of doctrines that started with Slavery, continued with Segregation, and is still present in the Indiana mentality. But not in Gary, they say. At least we have Gary.

You know what they did in Indianapolis?

In official session of that great, deliberative body?

They kicked the birthright out from under Gary, like someone kicking out the crutch of a crippled man.

Forget about ethics or morality.

Forget about the law.

What the legislature found it necessary to protect, it seems, was not Gary, which was fast becoming an abandoned city and needed real understanding and help, but the sensibilities of the Whites of Gary who had moved away.

Members, in a manner of speaking, of the same club.

Here's what happened, as we understand it:

There was a long-standing law in Indiana that created 'buffer zones' around large cities, into which these cities could ultimately expand. Every major city in Indiana had its buffer zone—Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, South Bend, Lafayette—and, of course, Gary, Indiana's second largest city.

But the state legislature decided to make an exception in the case of Gary, with a law permitting the buffer zone south of Gary to become a town of its own which Gary could no longer annex, with the legislature knowing full well what they were doing and why they were doing it

So the law was passed, just as the I-65 highway was being poured out of cement trucks onto the former cornfields. And lo, the state legislature had created a private club for its friends up north, which Gary could not touch.

It was called 'Merrillville'.

The Buffalo

We want to digress for a moment to tell you another story. Remember, we are still talking about the city of Gary:

This is about a great American Civil War General named William Tecumseh Sherman, the man who marched through Atlanta to the sea, burning everything behind him,



Beautiful metal sculpture by Richard Hunt is part of the new Adam Benjamin Transportation Center in downtown Gary. In background are the city and county buildings.

including Atlanta.

Shortly after the war was concluded, the General was called in and asked to do something about those pesky Indians of the West, who were causing so much trouble to the White settlers migrating westward, and to the cattle migrating the other way.

You don't have to do anything at all to get rid of the Indians, Sherman said, a smile spreading wide across his bewhiskered face.

No?

"No," said Sherman. "Just get rid of the buffalo—his source of food, clothing and shelter—and the Indian will disappear all by himself."

Before Sherman and the United States Army marched on the buffalo, the animals' numbers were estimated to be upward of 60 millions, the largest aggregation of wild animals of a single species in the world.

By 1889, when Sherman was through, their numbers were estimated at 600. Not six hundred thousand. Just six hundred. Period.

And the Indian was no longer a problem on the American plains.

What has all this to do with Gary?

Plenty.

Let us remember that Gary had always been a segregated city. That does not only mean that Blacks had to live in certain proscribed areas, it means that Blacks could only work in certain areas, too. If they wanted to open a shop, it would have to be in a Black neighborhood. If they wanted a shop or a job downtown, where the great commercial hustle and bustle was, where the money was made, they could not do so. A Fair Employment Practices Commission, set up in 1950, and given the ostensible power of fining a business that did not hire Blacks, never once in its 15-year history exercised that right, and during that time placed only a handful of Black workers in jobs that had previously employed Whites.

So when in the Sixties the White shop owners began to move away they took the shops with them; and the know-how to operate a business. By the end of the decade the great street that had been like a European Fair for forty years closed up in Gary and reopened in Merrillville. The Black community had nothing—and still to this day has nothing—with which to replace it.

The White community, in moving away, took with it any chance

that Gary might have had to make new money.

And it took something else, too.

It took all the high incomes, which constituted a major part of the Gary tax base.

It took all the investment money of the banks, which on many occasions even penalized white storeowners who wanted to stay in Gary (according to Blacks) by deliberately cutting off their chance for expansion. And, by setting up shop just outside the walls of the city of Gary, so to speak, it took—and still takes—whatever money Gary residents have left to spend.

There was one thing more: it took the tax base, an enormous chunk of it, as a farewell present. It took the tax base that was once Broadway, it took the tax base of the high-income homes, and even to this day it takes the tax base of major new industry, both by steering it away from Gary, or by never considering Gary in the first place.

Nobody had to get rid of the pesky Indians: all their buffalo had effectively been killed. The Indians would simply be left to die.

(Gary's population, which once



Location, Location, Location!

If you were planning a 15-acre amusement or waterpark where would you put it? Out near the highway in progressive Porter. Right smack in the middle of where the tourists are, that's where. Walking distance from the Dunes State Park. A half mile from Chellberg Farm and the National Lakeshore. A quarter mile from Route 20, near campgrounds, restaurants, recreation.

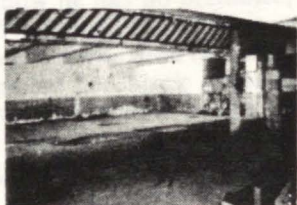
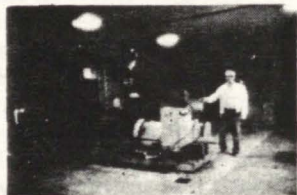
A former Nike site, these 15 acres contain nine major buildings, including three 60' x 60' underground bunkers with a huge elevator in each, survival rooms, ideal for underground dining with a greenhouse entrance above. The 12" deep-well

provides an unlimited supply of water for surfing, swimming or waterslides, a veritable Disneyland of possibilities. Plenty of parking. Adjoining acreage available.

Residence and residential air raid shelter on premises, entire perimeter is security fenced, ready to make you a million dollars.

Also ideal for resort motel, high-rise condo complex, shopping center or all three. Cost millions to build. Sale price of \$265,000, negotiable. Serious prospects only, please.

G. Grimble (219) 465-7067



had approached 190,000, is today holding steady at 152,000, down 20 percent.)

White Flight was, however, not entirely to blame for the ills that have during the past 18 years befallen Gary.

The recession that began in 1980 has had a profound effect on the nation as a whole, and on Gary in particular.

So has the decline in American steel production and the technological upgrading of steel production with its concomitant loss of jobs.

Whereas Gary Works used to employ 25,000 people, its rolls stand today at 8,000—one-third of the previous figure.

Both of these major factors have helped create an economic climate in Gary in which ten percent of its homes are unoccupied or abandoned, and where 12 percent of its families rely on food stamps for sustenance.

Who is the Injured Party?

Now the big question everyone talks about when they talk about Gary today is: who is the injured party?

If you talk to a White expatriate Garyite, one who had to sell his house cheap, uproot his family, wipe out his savings to pay for a new house, leave the very beloved ground on which he had spent his youth, sent his kids to private schools before the house could be sold, relocate his business, find new friends, feel sick every time he reenters the city and sees it in shambles—there is no question at all in his mind. He is the injured party.

He will tell you how the fine homes of the White professionals were taken over by Blacks 'for a song', how uppity Blacks are (and have no right to be), how some of his best friends were Black, how he has no prejudice, how his all-White high school (that won so many honors) has been turned into an encampment for Black youth gangs, how the wife of one of his friend's friends was pulled from her car and the earrings yanked right off her ears (or worse; this story is often told with gestures and frequently embellished to show just how depraved the Blacks really are). And always, always he comes back tearfully to his young manhood in Gary, his genuine love for the city, and how it is now in shards. The underlying current of what he says is that the Blacks did all this to him, an innocent victim, and for absolutely no reason. That they are responsible for



One of several new high-rise public housing works for the elderly within walking distance of downtown.

his condition, for the condition of the city streets of Gary, for the crime, poverty, filth, drugs, corruption at city hall—there is a whole litany of crimes the Blacks have done to him, and, when one doesn't seem to stand scrutiny, there are others, lists and lists of others.

It is obvious beyond the shadow of a doubt that Blacks—particularly Richard Hatcher and others in City Hall—are to blame.

Now in writing this, we seem to be taking the plight of Whites lightly, and we do not mean to do so. His life has been genuinely affected, and when you are White there is always recourse in law, and, if you feel injured, a comfortable feeling not often afforded to Blacks that someone else can always be found to blame.

And it is obvious to him, from the thousands of Black Gary residents who live in fine homes, have good jobs, drive new or nearly-new Buicks and Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs as he does, that they are laughing at him. Scornfully laughing, too, for after all, they have the power now, they have the fine homes he paid for, and it goes without saying in the White community that if a Black seems to be doing well, and doesn't say 'Yas Suh,

Boss', it is probably money gotten from Numbers or Prostitution or in some other undeserved way. It can never occur to him that Blacks, denied the chance to work in gainful employment had no choice but to resort to other methods of acquiring money. Or that any Black whatsoever ought to have what *he* has, much less legitimately be able to pay for it.

There is one further thing he doesn't say, but thinks a lot about: what will happen when—Gosh, don't even think about it!—the time comes that Blacks begin moving into his new neighborhood? When they cross the line into Glen Park, or Merrillville, or Crown Point? (Some friends of his have already been looking into land in Newton County.)

The Black Point of View

Now let us consider another point of view, that of the middle-class Black who is left in a city virtually without Whites. The canard that he has 'stolen' a fine house at less than its value is unsupportable. Most of the 40 thousand middle-class Black families live in homes built for them during the Fifties and Sixties in the Black suburbs when land became available to them. Who built the homes? Black

contractors built them, hundreds of homes in several dozen communities. In some cases the head of the family, already a well-paid steelworker with friends in all the mill building trades, built his home himself, with the aid of his friends. Street after street, community after community in Gary exists this way. The skill of Blacks in doing things themselves, because they could not afford them any other way, is one of the great human resources of Gary. They have fine homes, nice cars, well-scrubbed kids playing out front, trim lawns and colorful flowerbeds, the same kinds of homes and families that Norman Rockwell would have painted if he had been black instead of some other color.

This is the Gary that no White ever sees. How does he feel, the Black householder, after the bitter struggle for jobs and housing equality, to see it all taken away by the White exodus? How does he feel when his family has to go out of Gary to buy almost everything it needs? And to buy in White-owned stores? Going into Merrillville to spend the dollars earned in Gary, these are bitter dollars, especially when a look around Gary shows how much the money is needed inside the

wall. He is not part of any aggressive political process, nor are his children part of the drug or gang scene. He would as soon accost a White person in a car as he would have dinner on the moon.

His church is fairly new, modern, its minister up-to-date. His kids go to the public schools, where they get a good education. One of them goes to the High School of Performing Arts, is learning French, and plays the violin.

But there are things that bother him terribly. His taxes keep going up, the municipal services keep getting worse and worse, the police cannot control the gangs, his children (now ready for college) have grown up in a city of broken glass and abandoned buildings, and have never known what a real central city looks like. (When Genesis Center was being built, he took his children there as often as he could, so they might see what 'putting up a building looked like'. They had never seen that before.)

As for the friends whose heat is being turned off, whose food stamps cannot be redeemed, whose rent vouchers—for no fault of their own—cannot be accepted, the Whites are to blame for that.

For all of it.

For creating the perception of the city that makes it uninhabitable. For taking away the money and the shops and the businesses and the banks, for removing the chance to go forward, for taking more and more of every paycheck for taxes and charitable contributions.

And where is it going to go from here? It will only get worse.

Irony of ironies. The Whites may have made it necessary for him to move out of Gary entirely to escape it, and to move, presumably, into a White neighborhood, to be able to buy a decent television set without having it stolen right out of the living room, and to be able to keep what he can afford to own.

How do you blame Gary for garbage in the streets, when there is no money to collect garbage? Do you blame Blacks for that? How do you blame Gary for buildings in ruins when there is no money to have them razed or removed? How do you blame Gary for crime when you have taken away every source of legitimate income? How can you blame Blacks for Numbers and Prostitution when you have given them no other opportunity, even—until Hatcher—for janitorial work?

When you forced us to live two, three families in the same rooms because you would not let us work or move—and then say that we live like pigs—how am I ever going to forget that? Will you come to see my house now, my garden, my educated children, my living room? Or do you want to think forever that we keep coal in the bathtub? Do you still think that we eat only collard greens and chitterlings? I'll bet you do. And I bet you always will.

It is your own image of us that makes you move, and will make you move again—and, you know what? In your guilt you are going to blame us for that, too.

Didn't Everybody Need Steel?

Gary was a wide-open town almost from the first day of its creation in 1906, when the newly-formed United States Steel Corporation purchased these many thousands of wilderness acres and created a mill city on the site.

It was a city of free-wheeling vice, gambling, and prostitution. A frontier city, as wild as any of those in the wild West. A city into which men poured, steel poured, and money poured. Civil government here was used only to keep most hands off the city coffers, while keeping privileged hands on. Lake County became known throughout the world as being the most corrupt county in America, and the folks who ran Gary considered that a high compliment.

Hell, who cared anyway? Even into the 1960's, county and city officials went regularly to jail, shook hands with their friends, served their terms, and came back to be elected again and put in jail again. In 1924, United States Steel was making half the steel used in America, and its major subsidiary, American Bridge, produced 40 percent of America's structural steel. Steel was made with men in those days (what today is called 'labor intensive'). Money came to Gary's big industry, and was passed out to the bohunks, micks, guineas, wops, poles, slaves and lugans—the great welter of first generation Americans—we mean them no disrespect—who spent much of it even before it got home. The streets were lined with stores, markets, taverns, pawn shops, games of chance, and, upstairs, women. You could spend a paycheck so many different ways in

Dunes Country Magazine



Skell's FASHIONS
OF
CHESTERTON, IN

Men and Women's Clothing
Tuxedo Rentals

Dressy Casual to Elegant,
Plus Handwoven Originals In
Silk and Cottons.

131 S. Calumet Road
Chesterton, IN
926-7570






An outdoor 'cafe', Paris-style, set up on the great Genesis Plaza at the time of the Baptist Educational Convention here in 1984 which brought 30,000 delegates and their families for a week of meetings. A good time was had by all, despite the lack of local housing facilities.

Gary that many tried to find them all. Why should it ever end? Didn't everybody need steel?

Gary has already had three major endings, all of them in the last 25 years.

The first ending was the exodus of its White population, which, as we have shown, took with it the shops, the spenders, the banks, the non-steel jobs, the entire White upper-and-middle-class, the thriving raw throat of the frontier town.

The second ending was the election of Richard Hatcher, a mayor bent on restoring the dignity of Gary, which he did by closing down both gambling and prostitution. He was Gary (no pun intended here) Cooper, John Payne, Randolph Scott, and the Lone Ranger, in every Western where the law-abiding won in the end. And with that end, and the creation of an independent Merrillville, the bawdy,

moneyed, high-rolling days of Gary were gone forever: the game had moved to another town.

But there was yet another ending to come, one completely unforeseen, that has nearly closed down the city for good: mill money, that milk which had nourished the city since its infancy, began to dry up.

Gary Works, which in 1960 had 25,000 workers, cut its work force by 3,000. Then 3,000 more. Then 5,000. Then...until in 1985 there are but 8,000 workers making steel in Gary!

It is as if the Mississippi River dried up at New Orleans, taking all the river traffic with it.

For surely in Gary the river has run dry, or nearly so.

And this, after a national recession which reduced to near zero housing construction, and nearly all other types of jobs.

Now here is what happens inside a city as the supply of life-giving

money ebbs away.

While the need for social services gets larger, the money available to pay for them gets smaller. I don't just mean that the same money must now provide for more people. Oh, no. Every newly-unemployed family not only need the whole range of welfare help—food, clothing, shelter, medicine, etc.—but it is one more family whose taxes must be subtracted from the base.

The money that used to come in from real estate taxes dropped precipitously, year by year. Downtown storefronts were boarded up one after the other. Today, there are almost no stores at all in the city of Gary. And I mean *no* stores. Out at the Village, and in Glen Park, there are a few. In Miller there are a few. About five percent of what used to be. Downtown at a single intersection there is a Walgreen's and the beginnings of some shopping

Dennis Rafferty still makes our deli salads the old fashioned way at Costas...from scratch

While most supermarkets buy all of their deli salads pre-made from large suppliers, we insist on making ours from scratch everyday.

We take the time to cook and peel every potato for our own mouthwatering potato salad and we carefully chop up tender cabbage and carrots to make our fresh cole slaw, the best you can buy.

It may not be the most efficient way to make deli salads, but we know that there's no short cut to old fashioned goodness. Sure, it takes more effort to make your deli salads from scratch, but our customers are worth it.

Do you remember your third grade teacher telling you that extra effort pays off in the end? Well, Dennis Rafferty does and that's why he sells more deli salads than anyone else in Porter County.



Dennis Rafferty
Deli Manager

COSTAS FOODS
SUPER MARKET

THE STORE WITH A HEART FOR YOU!

•valparaiso
2800 n. calumet
•chesterton
901 broadway
•south haven
rt. 6 at mccool road

potential. So where can Gary get buffalo meat, so to speak, when the buffalo are all gone?

Next, the increase in unemployment meant that many new facilities for job training, welfare, medical clinics, etc., had to be created, which meant government acquisition of land formerly on the tax rolls.

Which further decreased the tax base.

Then, the two great hospitals in downtown Gary, both religious (tax-free) institutions, acquired land

around themselves, further reducing the tax rolls. Indiana University Northwest (tax-free) began acquiring apartments and other lands around its campus: another decrease. To provide city housing, the city had to purchase and rehab some apartment buildings that were otherwise going to be pillaged and ransacked for their bricks, pipes, and wiring. More land off the tax rolls. And still more for senior citizens' housing developments.

If you drive around downtown Gary, and someone points out all the places that used to pay taxes that are now gone, or belong to the city or tax-

free institutions, it looks like most of the downtown.

The 1977 budget for the city of Gary was \$27 million.

Two years later, in a city more stricken, it had jumped to \$43 million.

The tax rate within Gary is something over \$21 per hundred dollars of valuation. In Ross Township (Merrillville), the tax rate is half of that.

Now suppose you were the mayor of Gary.

You'd have some pretty hard decisions to make.

And maybe some of them, as it turned out later, were not the right decisions.

What do you do about garbage trucks, for example, that keep breaking down? It is very nice to collect garbage, but there is no money in the budget.

Next year the trucks are worse, but there is even less money. There is not enough money now to feed and shelter the unemployed. It is a case of feeding the hungry or buying garbage trucks. What would you do?

In Lake County, outside of Gary, they say it is the mayor's fault that the garbage is not collected. A White disc jockey, speaking of Gary, says the people are savages, and that they let their garbage pile up in the street. He says it again and again. You are the mayor: what would you do?

You would lose a lot of sleep, that's what you would do.

And it is not only the garbage. It is the police cars that are falling apart, and the city salaries that are too low.

The problems begin to spiral one on another, faster and faster.

The money to tear down buildings—these dollars are needed elsewhere.

And so we have a city—Gary—beset with problems that appear to be unsolvable. The buffalo has gone. The income has vanished. The problems are getting worse, not better. Even the federal dollars that somehow kept coming in to build Genesis and Benjamin and the passenger terminal at the airport have come and gone. The \$9 million terminal opened—hey, hey, we finally have a place in the sun—oops. It closed two months later.

Whose fault is that? Surely, this time, even if the other things could be construed as his fault—at least, his responsibility—this could not.

The Wisconsin governor's press secretary dumps on Gary

("perhaps if the gentleman would spend a weekend in Gary, Indiana, and then return to Wisconsin, he might have a different view..." about something in a press conference.

The managing editor of the local White newspaper (Post-Tribune) dumps on Gary (August 24, 1984) and, indeed, all of Indiana: "I think it's time we owned up to the fact that people in other states, especially those unfortunate enough to be downwind of Gary on a muggy day, consider us Hoosier jerks."

The airport critics say flatly that no one will ever come to an airport named 'Gary', and the best thing to do would be to change its name.

The Post-Tribune publishes "Farewell to a Dying Friend" and the 'friend' is downtown Gary.

A Post-Tribune columnist (we are being a little hard on the Post-Tribune here), whose anti-Hatcher bias is enjoyed by many, writes columns with titles like, "When Will the Voters Say Goodbye to Hatcher?"

And a state legislator from a little town below Fort Wayne, investigating the need for poor relief, came to Gary and couldn't believe what she saw. "I drove down Broadway," she said in a newspaper interview, "and found it unbelievable. I couldn't believe the devastation to the main part of Gary."

As of the writing of this article, the Post-Tribune is reporting on a number of impoverished Garyites, who, it says, are finding a better life in Minneapolis. Calumet Township (Gary) food stamps are not being accepted by grocery stores because they are unredeemable, the heat and light vouchers of welfare recipients are being rejected by NIPSCO, 9,000 vendors, in all sizes from the corner store to the giant hospital, are owed some 20 millions, many since 1983, landlords are refusing rent vouchers because they have not been redeemable for two years.

Nowhere on I-94 going east does the name 'Gary' appear on the big, green signs, even though there are three or four exits to this, the largest American city built in the 20th Century.

Even the Archdiocese of Gary has quietly moved away.

Funny Story

Want to hear a funny story?

Out east of Gary on Route 20 there is a mile of highway where they

could film a science-fiction movie called *Forgotten Civilization*.

There are boarded up restaurants, giant—I mean *HUGE*—paved parking lots for giant stores long since vanished, a girlie motel that rents rooms by the hour complete with dirty movies, presumably for truckers. In fact, all along that strip there are trucker offices, twenty of them. These are the trucking companies that move the steel—75 percent of it—to other parts of mid-America. If you were a steel brokerage, as these places are called, this is where you would want to be. On the strip. In fact, it pretty well demands that your business be here, in this exact location.

Well, it seems that there is a restaurant on the strip, too, called the Big Wheel (a first-class place it is, too, and I have devoured many a roast duck there on a Sunday afternoon). I asked the owner of the Wheel, Frank Markey, what's going to happen to the strip. Why can't the city get some businesses to come in on all that vacant land?

Frank says, You want to know why? And he motions to a friend of his to come over.

The friend, it turns out, is a trucking broker.

The broker has 16 employees. Except for the office personnel, they all drive rigs (trucks).

He wants to build a nice headquarters right here on the strip, and he had even gotten a good price on the piece of land he wants.

Terrific, I think. Here is someone with money to spend, a payroll of, say, something approaching a half-million dollars a year. And he is going to build here.

Like hell, says the friend.

Tell him, says Frank.

And the friend tells me what finally happened.

Sure, the price of the land was okay. He was ready to sign the papers. But then he found out what the taxes were, so you know what he did? He built his building, but not here on the strip. He built it in Valparaiso.

Here, the taxes were \$23 a hundred.

In Valpo, they were five dollars.

And the difference in total dollars was so great that it paid for the man to build 20 miles away, in prosperous Valparaiso, where they don't need his money. Or the money of Valparaiso's sixteen new families, all, I assume, building houses.

Is that a funny story?

Is that irony to beat all ironies?

You see, if a steel trucking broker can't build in Gary, who can?

What I am trying to show here is not who is to blame, but how impossible the climate is in Gary for upward change or growth under present conditions. A new Enterprise Zone, just instituted, might help.

Here is another story to illustrate the catch-22 situation in which Gary finds itself, but it needs a little background before it can be properly told.

WHO ARE YOU GONNA CALL?

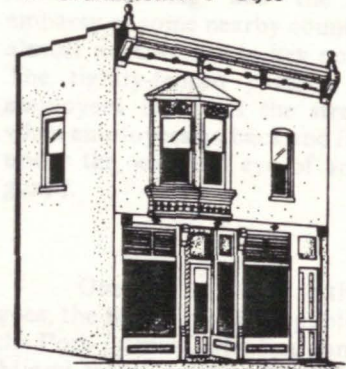


SHADE TREE TEES

St. Joseph
982-TEES

**New Buffalo - The place to be.
Barbie's - The place to shop.**

- Women's Attire
- Mens Apparel
- Nautical Items
- Decorative Accessories
- Stationery, Cards, Wrappings
- Infant & Toddlers Dept.
- "Grandmother's" Gifts



**"An updated department store
with old fashion service."**

Barbie's
apparel·gifts

Downtown New Buffalo, MI 49117
"Open 7 Days" (616) 469-4303

Mary Kay 
 ®
Cosmetics
 E. Faye Lehman (219) 879-6145
Try Before You Buy!
 Complete line in Stock
 —Re-orders—

 
FIRST INVESTORS CORPORATION
SUSAN PYTYNIA, MBA
 REGISTERED REPRESENTATIVE
 815 Franklin Square, Michigan City, IN 46360
 (219) 872-1010
 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60601
 (312) 853-6111
 Member FIC Million Dollar Club

There is, in midtown Gary, a daily newspaper called the 'Post-Tribune'. Like many other things that used to begin proudly with the word 'Gary', it used to be called the 'Gary Post-Tribune'. It was, and is, a newspaper primarily for the middle and upper classes, which is to say the classes that moved to other parts of Lake County (although it cannot afford to lose the 20,000 families of middle to high incomes in Gary who are mostly Black). So it changed its name, and probably you and I would have changed it, too, had we been the publishers. But the name change was a clear signal to the folks left in Gary that one more passenger was deserting their ship, something Blacks in Gary had felt for a long time anyway, and the name change did not pass without resentment.

The newspaper business is, after all, a bottom-line business. Its job is to be a good little subsidiary of its absentee-owner headquarters, which (for the Knight-Ridder company that owns the Post-Tribune and many other metropolitan dailies) is elsewhere. In the old days of newspaperdom, the days of the courageous editor, and part of an America long since vanished—there are exceptions—the newspaper was locally owned, and considered to be part of the concerned community. Accurate reporting was a given, you never needed to question it. Getting at the truth—the real truth—was a given, too. If the Post-Tribune has any concern for Gary, however, or real truth (about Gary), it has a funny way of showing it. Gary seems to be a news-mine, where all sorts of good stories can be forthcoming if you need the space. The editorials express the 'mom's apple pie' philosophy about government, drugs, drunk drivers, foreign spies, and the like, properly chiding or praising like a clucking mother hen or a cowboy keeping the cattle on the main trail.

But what the trail is, or where it leads, or how anyone can really help find a destination, is, so far at least, unrevealed and unfathomable. There seems to be no position whatsoever regarding the course of Gary.

The Post-Tribune is *the* newspaper that everyone in Lake County reads every day. Black and White, rich or poor, it is the official record by which some 80,000 families, and a nation at large, finds out what it knows about Gary. To its credit, its editors sit on many do-good community boards, and seem earnest in the quest for solutions to the area

problems just like everybody else.

However, in the days of locally-owned newspapers, the newspaper was part of the solution.

Today, the Post-Tribune seems to many to be a major part of the problem.

Shouldn't the Editor of the Newspaper and the Mayor of the City of Gary have a dialogue, a red telephone, so to speak, like Reagan has with Gorbachev? 'Is it true?' the newspaper could ask, before something was printed, and perhaps print what the Mayor's Office says?

Once, in the early years of the Hatcher administration, this actually happened. Hatcher even had a column that ran with some regularity in the newspaper.

But in recent years, there has been little communication.

The new publisher, Jane Scholz, talked with the mayor when she first came to Gary early in 1985. But there is something about Gary which almost requires that the newspaper be negative about it. And Mayor Hatcher, for all his wit and charm, cannot seem to change that.

"I have given up trying to talk to the newspaper," the mayor said in an interview recently. "Every time I try to correct something they have printed, it only makes Gary seem worse."

So the mayor doesn't say anything to the newspaper at all, and the stories that set the tone for the world's disapprobation of this city keep rolling on.

The recently remodeled offices, which substituted a brick front with small windows for the vast expanse of storewindow frontage it had before, is now something like the foreign embassy of some nearby country, with almost no Garyites in key positions. The tightly-fenced parking lot for employees is across the street, and when employees go back and forth it is under the watchful eye of an armed guard.

One day recently, so the story goes, the brand-new lady publisher of the Post-Tribune, who had come from Miami where minorities are part of everyday life, got hungry at lunchtime for some fried chicken, tucked her purse under her arm, and walked two blocks or so down Broadway to Kentucky Fried Chicken, stood in line, got her chicken and fries, and walked back to the office, only to find a crowd of concerned employees clustering around her as she pushed open the

 **Skystone N' Silver**
NATIVE AMERICAN
ARTS & CRAFTS
 1350 S. Lake Park Ave.
 Hobart, Indiana 46342
 I-65 to 61st Ave. exit; east to Rt. 51;
 north 1 block — next to
 St. Mary Medical Center. (219) 942-9022

 • Sterling Silver & 14K Jewelry
 • Pueblo Pottery • Sculpture
 • Navajo Rugs • Art
 • Hopi & Zuni Kachina Carvings
 • Museum Pieces on Display
 • Custom Design Service

front door. Are you OK? Are you sure you're all right? Did you have any problems? You're sure you're OK? And admonitions that she didn't understand Gary, and that she really must never do this sort of thing again...

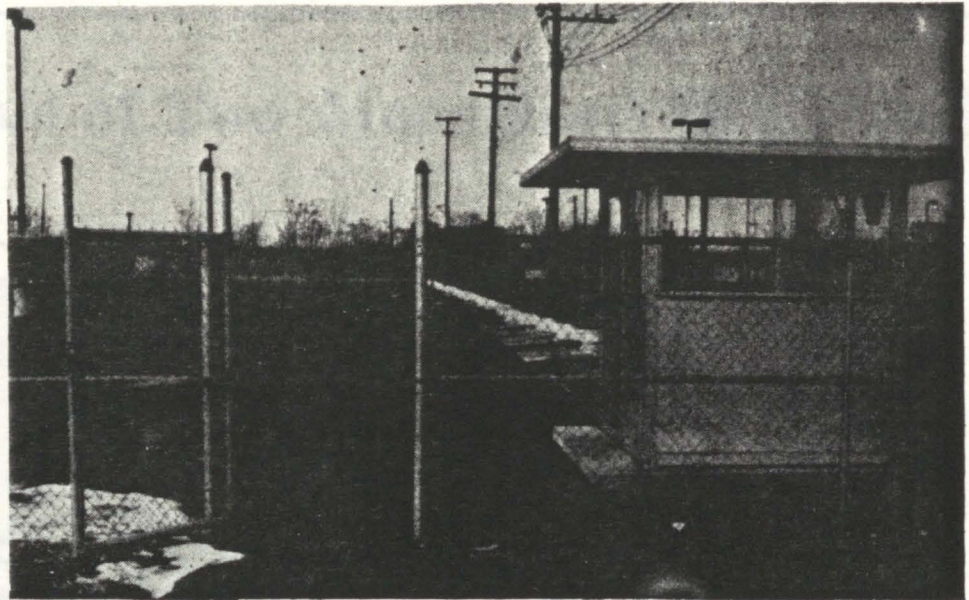
It was though she had entered the Casbah.

I have heard this story third-hand, by someone who may have embellished it a bit to prove to me the point that this incident represents the true relationship of the newspaper to the community, and the degree to which its news, however objective it may seem to them, reflects its emotional attitude toward the city on which it reports.

I cannot say that I, or anyone else, ought to behave differently, and it is absolutely not my desire in writing this to condemn or cast disapprobation on the Post-Tribune. I am merely trying to show 'how it is' in Gary as accurately as possible, and where the roots of the problem seem to lie. We want, after all, to repair Gary and its institutions, not to break either one.

The Night of August 19, 1985

On the night of August 19, 1985, Gary Police Chief Virgil Motley was either stopped for exceeding the speed limit on I-94 by a State Trooper as he drove home from work, or he was not stopped for speeding. He was



More like an Army base than a parking lot is this mid-town security-check installation for the cars of Post-Tribune employees, across the street from the plant.

either stopped like any other offender by an officer who did not know who he was, or he was followed and nailed by someone trying to 'get even' for an encounter some years before. He was either guilty of some charge, or he was not. He either refused to take a breathalyzer test, or he did not refuse. He either said, "Have you ever heard of professional courtesy?", as though he was proposing that he was above the law, or he asked the trooper to speak courteously, as behooves a lawman. He either drove himself home after the incident, or he was driven home by a city employee called to the scene.

Normally, when we want to find out the facts about something like this, we go to the newspaper files and look the story up, or we go to the police files.

In this case, neither would give us much clue.

What actually happened that night, and was reported to the world as another of the continuous series of shames that takes place in Gary, we may never know.

But we do know three things, all of them of great importance.

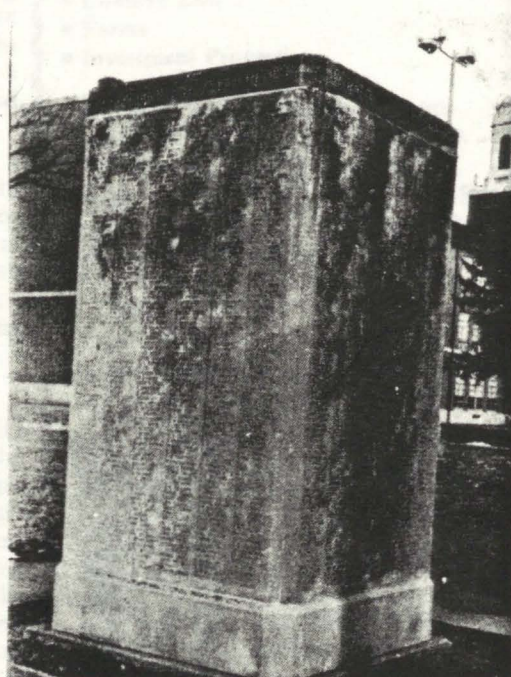
The first thing we know is that

Banking Your Way

CHESTERTON
STATE
BANK



A Tale of Two Monuments



At left is the Memorial Monument to those Garyites who served in World War II, in East Side Park, a block from mid-town Broadway. Memorial Day services used to be held here, with large crowds and marches by the Emerson High School Band. 'It breaks my heart to see this', a White resident told us, as he and I stepped over broken bottles and a resident wino. Kids have sprayed the names of the Veterans with paint. The park, along with most of the houses around it, lies in deep decay.

But in the thriving black neighborhood, in front of a busy high school, another monument to war veterans remains clean and properly honored.

the Gary Police Chief, and the Corporation Council summoned by Motley, both say that the story had almost nothing to do with the incident, and should not have been newsworthy at all. They say, in a report to Mayor Hatcher, that the trooper was a former Indiana University Northwest private policeman whom Motley, in line of duty several years before, had skirmished with when the policeman tried to extend his authority to the city streets outside of I.U.N., who swore to 'get even', and who used this chance to demean Motley. The report says further that the senior trooper who was called, told him to drop his private grudge, and let Motley go. The report also says that Motley was not asked to take a breathalyzer test, that he was driving the same speed as the traffic flow, and that no charges were filed. The report goes on to say that Motley drove his own car home, and that the quote about professional courtesy was a request by Motley that the trooper stop yelling and act in a professional manner.

It does not really matter here who was right. What matters here is that, right or wrong, a page-one wire-service story got into the press and left the inescapable conclusion that the police chief of Gary was drunk, irresponsible, a lawbreaker, and that he thought he was above the law.

Any idea of what that does to the image of Gary? Not to mention Chief Motley, his family, and friends—and a gentleman named Richard Hatcher, who encounters these things again and again, as he has for sixteen years, and knows that there is no possible way for him to refute or otherwise deal with them.

Suppose you have a daughter, and a neighbor tells everybody that she is pregnant. All you can do now is get the neighbor to tell everybody that she is *not* pregnant, which only makes things worse.

"Go to the newspaper," I urged the mayor, the day after this defamatory report was published.

"No," he said, sighing, and looking sadly at his city out of the office window. "I have gone to them again and again and again, and this sort of thing happens several times a week, and..." He threw up his hands in real despair.

The second thing we know is that the Mayor's Office has no recourse to events that are misreported. He has no newspaper of his own, no voice anywhere except in the very press that did the misreporting.

The third thing we know is that the intentional or unintentional defaming of Gary is going to keep right on going, because Gary is good copy. The Mayor's Office is better copy. And a police chief who is drunk and disorderly—even if it didn't happen—is the kind of stuff of which bottom lines are made.

So when I read about corruption in City Hall on the front page of the Post-Tribune, and it turns out to be an employee who, unbeknownst to the mayor, asked

somebody to buy a ticket to something 'or else', I know how to think about it now. It is a skill, like a carnie skill, to get you to come inside where the ads are. And it has nothing whatsoever to do with the image of Gary.

All honor to the journalism profession. All honor to the profession when it professes. All honor to men like William Lloyd Garrison and William Allen White, men who stood for something, something nobler than the Bottom Line.

Can Gary Make It On Its Own?

There seems to be a good chance that despite the enormous economic hardships that have befallen this badly perceived city, Gary will return on its own to the pre-eminence it held in earlier days as the major city of Northwest Indiana, and the second or third greatest city in all of Indiana.

What are its assets?

There are many. (Remember that we are now—you and I—trying to view the city dispassionately, which is to say, without our preconceptions and our prejudices.)

In the summer of 1984 Gary successfully played host to a Baptist Educational Convention, which brought to the city more than 30,000 delegates and their families from all over the United States. It was an impossible feat, something as extraordinary as building the Ark and finding two of everything to put inside. Despite a lack of hotel and restaurant accommodations, the Convention was carried off in grand style, and every one of the 30,000 delegates not only had a good time, but left in high spirits with Good Thoughts about the city, and all of Northwest Indiana. (A month later, the Republican Party nominated Ronald Reagan in San Francisco—with 35,000 delegates present, to give you some idea.)

Conventioneers enjoyed the official hospitality of this virtually all-Black community where they were made to feel like First-Class citizens in a city that understood and respected them. They spent something like 12 million dollars before they left, and, while not all of this money was spent in Gary, it was the first new money that Gary had seen in a long time. The market for Black conventions is huge and inexhaustible. Gary is a prime attraction in and of itself, and many other contributing factors could well

lead to a nurturing of this market—the nearby motels, the national park, beaches, entertainment, propinquity to Chicago, and the central American location.

Then there is another major asset: the United States Steel Corporation, which while diminishing its labor force, centers more and more of its manufacturing facilities within this 9,500-acre tract, and provides a huge tax base for the city and related industries.

But U.S. Steel is much more than that. It is the largest steel producing mill in the world, and of great potential interest to new related businesses, to tourists and industrialists who will want to visit the facility and see how steel is made.

U.S. Steel is also aware of its real estate, and is already viewing the changing world which no longer requires this much acreage (Inland Steel, for example, produces enormous quantities of integrated steel on a tract one-tenth the size). The city of Gary and U.S. Steel, in a new spirit of cooperation, are now looking at the potential use of lakefront portions of this tract as possible sites for major new real estate developments, including a giant 2,000-slip marina within its turn-around basin, and a casino-gambling city at the waters' edge.

One cannot condemn Gary, with its central district in a shambles, without the consciousness of this industrial giant that is the mainstay of America's steel industry, producing, as it does and will continue to produce, several hundred thousand tons of steel every quarter of the year.

There are also many other industrial plants within the city, both steel-related and totally unrelated, hard at work every day of the year.

Then there are many communities of Gary where its residents live, a Gary that few but its residents know. Of the 50,000 homes within the city limits, by far the greatest majority are well-kept suburban-style dwellings where in this Black city the homes and streets and lawns and cars are identical with those in White communities nearby.

Difficult as it is for the White world to imagine, there are major Black contractors who built most of these homes, and giant Black-owned car dealerships, and other businesses—just like their White counterparts in other places.

There are excellent grammar

ALL SEASONS REALTY, INC.

405 N. Main St.
Crown Point, IN

Specializing In:

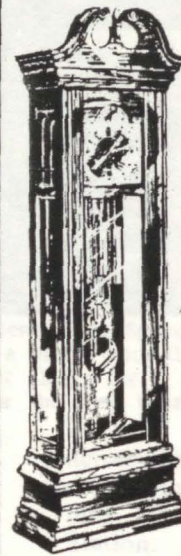
- Old Landmark Homes
- Rural Homes
- Country Lots
- Farms
- Investment Properties

Buy Of The Month:

3 - to - 10 Acre wooded lots with Little Calumet River frontage as low as \$12,500.

Keith D. Lakin

OFFICE: (219) 769-9300
EVENINGS: (219) 769-0882



**Give the Family a
Grandfather
this year**

Reg. Price \$970.00

Now \$599.00

Sale price includes:

Free Delivery

Free Set Up

5/10 Year Warranty

The Woodlawn

Fruitwood Cabinet

Westminster Chime

West German Movement

Brass Weight Shells

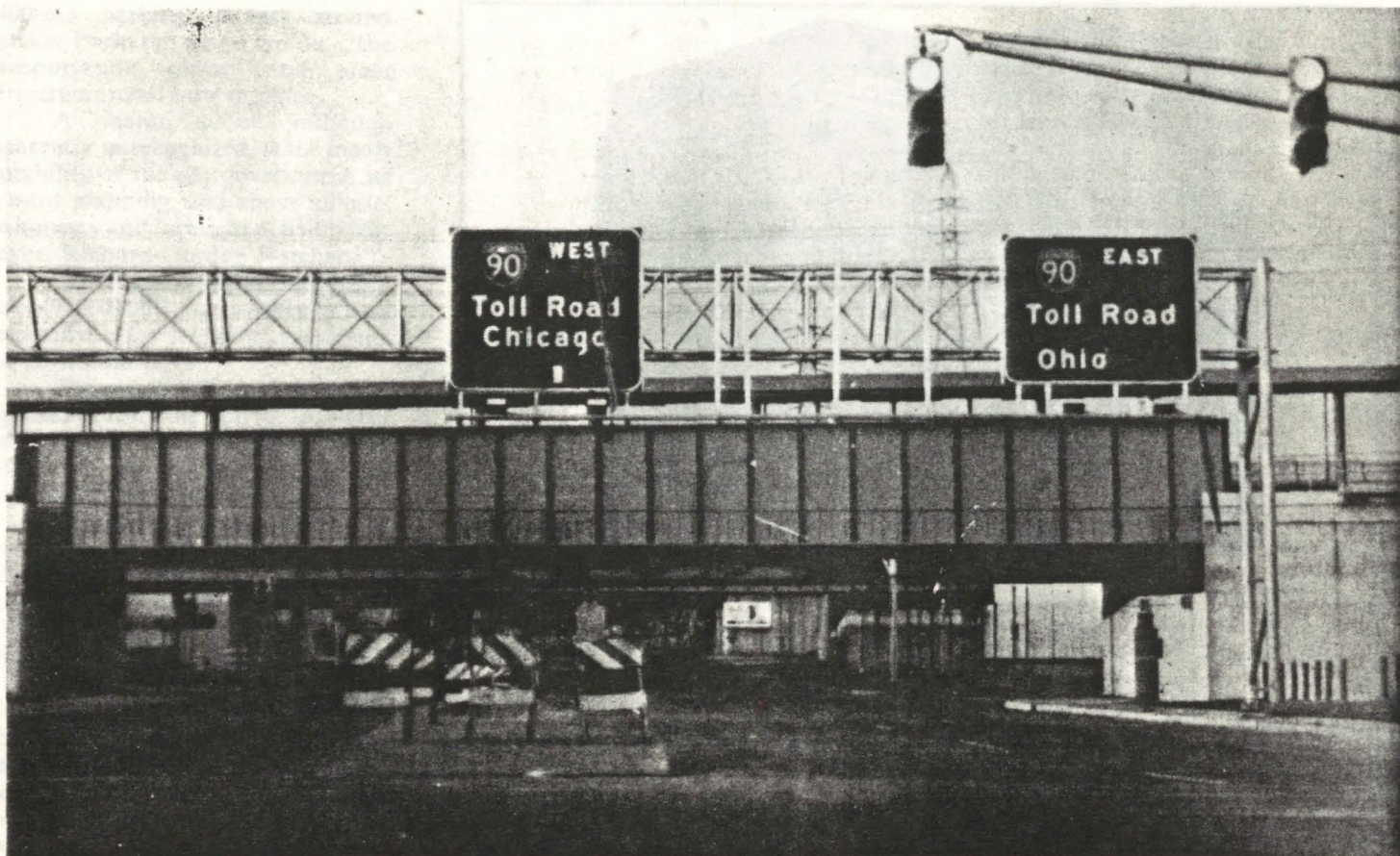
& Pendulum

Credit Terms
Available



Century Consumer Mall Merrilville, IN
Route 30 & Broadway (219) 769-0075

schools, including several for gifted students (where one family we talked with has a daughter studying French and music), and high schools with new campuses including grandstands and night-lights for athletic events. The emphasis on education is perhaps greater in this Black city than elsewhere because from the mayor's office on down, everyone knows how important education is to rising above the ghetto.



The new Toll Road interchange at Broadway, to be opened late Spring 1986, permitting cars to exit and enter at Broadway and 6th, a block from the Genesis Center and parking garages, and to come from distant places for conventions and entertainment directly into downtown Gary for the first time.

There is a new sewer and sanitation infrastructure; built within the last few years, and which, when completed, will have cost \$100 million.

There is the great university—Indiana University Northwest—which continues to grow, enlarging its prestige, campus, and adding new buildings.

There are new city buses, with routes all terminating in the new Adam Benjamin Transportation complex in what I am going to refer to henceforward, for convenience, as Hatcher Park.

There is the Village Shopping Center, with its new Goldblatt's store and many other stores as well, to which new tenants are announced with increasing frequency. There is the new airport facility, with its 7,000-foot runway and brand-new passenger terminal, which could shortly be reached by city bus, and (when the occasion warrants) a spur from the South Shore railroad.

There are the parks of the Gary park system, which includes 240-acre Marquette Park with its restored pavillion, exotic lagoons, beaches, picnic areas, and the site of many successful festivals and carnivals,

abutting, as it does, the National Lakeshore.

There is the Miller section of Gary, where the Whites who have remained live in harmony with their Black neighbors, and the "Sugar Hill" section where powerful and successful business people live in large, fine homes near the lakefront, and to which a new influx of White Chicago families are steadily moving.

There is the general consensus by everyone in state, regional, and local government that Gary must become re-attached to the rest of the region if Northwest Indiana is to forge ahead.

There is the new flourishing of downtown business, centering at Fifth and Broadway, business that, once organized into a group effort, will produce shops and shoppers and parking places for them in and around Hatcher Park. We foresee shops being added to Genesis Center to compliment the shops of the Benjamin Center and those now clustering around the new sports building in Hatcher Park.

There is the new Toll Road exit to downtown Gary, the new Douglas Environmental Center in Miller, the possibility of shuttle trains that go

across the National Lakeshore Park coming on Lakeshore lands practically into downtown Gary at Union Station.

There is the new spirit of cooperation between the mayor and the state government in Indianapolis.

There are the two major hospitals in central Gary, both of them expanding there with new equipment and treatment centers.

There are the many vacant lands in the manufacturing district, excellent sites for future development.

There is the potential for new factories to occupy the Budd building and other abandoned existing factory buildings.

There is the ethnic work force, the law-abiding citizenry of Gary, and the loyalty of its residents, White Hispanic, and Black, to the city, despite its many hardships.

There is an abundance of visible new housing for the elderly, part of the input of millions of federal dollars during the LBJ and Carter years, when a world was interested in helping a city with problems.

And those millions also helped create the airport, Genesis Center, the

2,400-car parking garages around Hatcher Park, the sports building, the transportation center, and other infrastructure all now in place.

A major asset, although apparently unrecognized, is the incorruptability of the city government, its forward planning, and above all else, the honesty and foresight of its 18-year mayor, Richard Gordon Hatcher.

Other assets include its being the only all-Black city in America, and the positive effect it has on its residents and conventioners.

The magnificence of its appearance from the Toll Road, where passersby see on one side the steaming mill, and on the other, the rising buildings of Hatcher Park.

There is also the elimination of most, if not all, of the air and water pollution that still seems to exist in most peoples' minds. Nearly \$35 million has been spent on anti-pollution devices in the Gary area.

There is also its ethnic heritage, evidenced by the old churches and other buildings constructed by diverse incoming nationals a half-century ago, and by the food stores of Glen Park where one can still purchase all manner of European delicacies.

Investments? Says State Senator Carolyn Moseby: "People call me almost weekly to see when they can start investing in marina development."

The destruction of the downtown buildings is a nadir from which much new and related construction can arise.

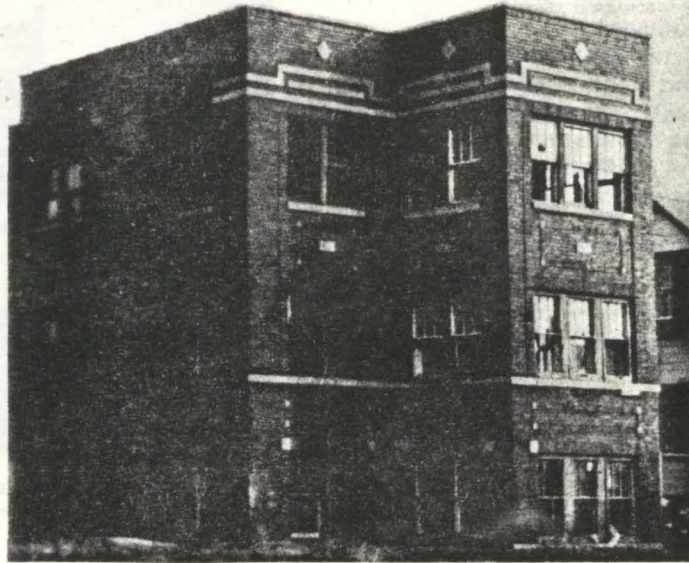
The potential of Gary to join with other convention centers in nearby counties and create a convention, exposition, and conference milieu of great impact, to create a waterfront extravaganza of amusement and marina facilities, to create a high-rise casino gaming center or high-rise real estate developments or both, are plusses that will someday materialize into dollars and cents.

The Liabilities

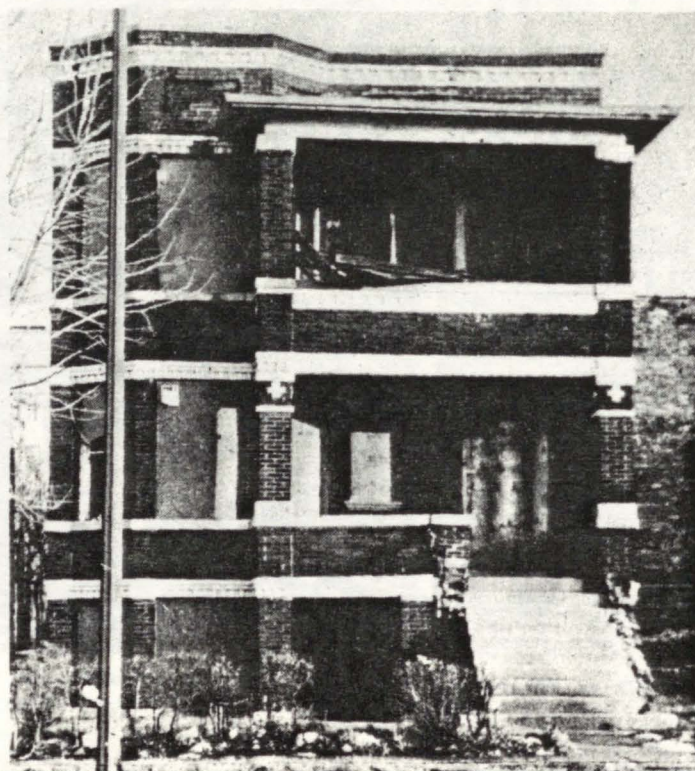
During the 1984 Baptist Educational Convention, a group of mostly White delegates asked to take a tour of Gary.

In any other city that would have been a reasonable request. But no one in recent years, apparently, had asked for a Gary Tour, and the group of twelve was taken down main streets and side streets, visiting the affluent Gary outer city and the destroyed inner city.

They asked to stop at some



Most of these derelict buildings lie in the downtown area, conveying the false impression that Gary is a derelict city, which it is not. Fewer buildings are out of commission or in total disrepair in Gary than, for example, the Austin area of Chicago (where 15% of the buildings are boarded up), which one does not think of in any bad way. It is the high visibility of these buildings that creates the impression; but many point out that the very disrepair of the downtown area suggests the ease with which the new downtown may come into being. About 95% of the homes in Gary are in excellent repair and in well-kept, but less visible, neighborhoods.





New facade of the Post-Tribune newspaper offices and plant. Old facade had a broad expanse of plate glass windows. One observer noted to us that the new facade looks like a wall with gun slots in it.

place where they could buy souvenirs.

They asked why the city was in shambles, when no other American city looked this way on its mainstreet and its downtown area.

By the time the two-hour tour had been completed, they realized that unlike Charleston or Baltimore or San Francisco, Gary did not even have its first downtown until a hundred years or so after the others, that it was not born until 1906, that the cycle of decay and renewal, now in the renewal stage throughout most of America, was still in the normal stage of decay in Gary.

They realized that while Gary was on Lake Michigan, it had no large and developed waterfront because it was created and built as a workers' town for the waterfront steel mill, and did not even have its own beachfront until U.S. Steel gave it one.

They realized that the vast majority of the businesses had been White-owned, and left with their White owners two decades before.

They realized that much of the real estate and business tax base left with them.

They even realized that Gary had made an heroic struggle against these odds, and that it was to be congratulated on getting as far as it has.

But Gary does not have souvenirs, implying (and probably correctly) that it has nothing to be proud of.

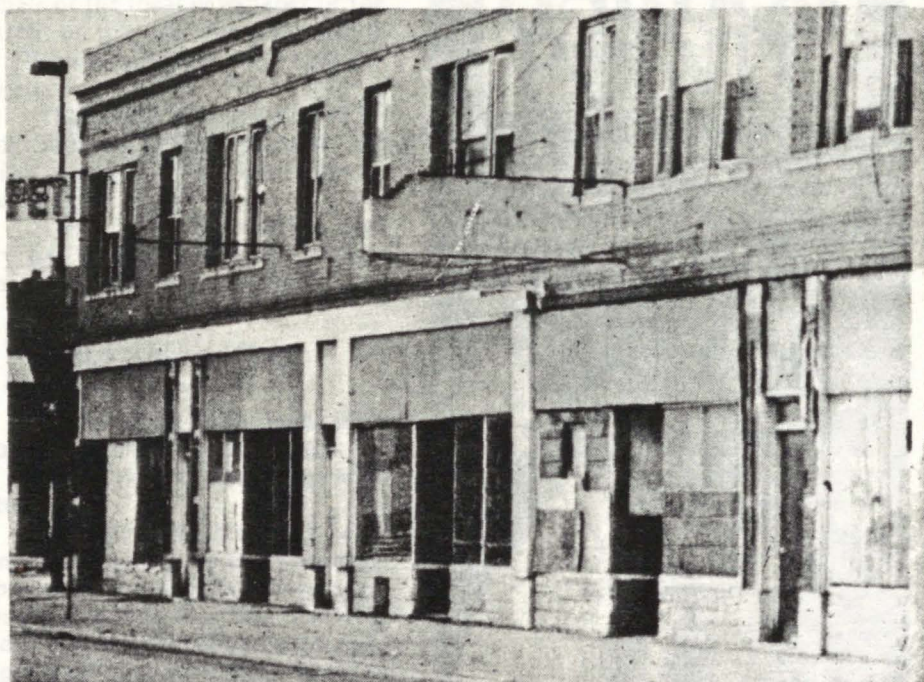
Its pride has been bent, if not broken.

Gary is the only major city on the Indiana-Ohio-Pennsylvania turnpike system that has no entrance into its downtown area.

Gary has no motels, not one, not even the one inside Hatcher Park, which is, as of this writing, closed.

Gary has virtually no stores inside the city. A few groceries, a car dealership, a handful of new shops at Fifth and Broadway, a few in Miller and Glen Park and two dozen others at the Village Shopping Center on the west side of town. If you want to buy a camera, a suit, office supplies, appliances, any of the hundreds of things to be found in the shops of every city—it is necessary to go elsewhere. So aside from mortgage payments and taxes, most of the incomes of 150,000 Gary residents goes into the coffers of Hammond, Merrillville, or mail-order catalogs.

Gary's population has dropped 15 percent in the last decade.



Many of these boarded up storefronts near downtown can be quickly returned to viability once the new downtown area is restored.

Gary has no way of fighting back against the calumnies of the local press. No outlet for its voice. No public relations, no radio program, no newspaper columns (except perhaps in the Black press, two small weekly newspapers).

The Archdiocese of Gary has moved away, taking with it its large and influential parochial school system.

The university and two major hospitals are being kept within Gary only with great difficulty.

There is not one movie theatre in Gary.

The pay of the police is low, with all the concomitant side effects—low morale, a lack of the best personnel to choose from, poorly maintained equipment, quarrels within the department, etc.

Ditto the fire department.

There is a badly-eroded tax base as businesses quit, people move away, real estate is taken off the tax rolls by churches, the university, the religious hospitals, and by the city itself.

The inner city, that portion that constitutes the main business street—Broadway—and the several blocks on both sides of it for as much as two miles, no longer exists. Normally the most active part of a city, with major stores and people living within easy walking distance to support them—all this is almost totally wiped out in Gary's inner city. Buildings are

boarded up, torn down, smashed to pieces, lying in shards of glass and splinters on their lots. A handful of residents still live there, next to homes and apartments with gaping holes in their roofs and sides, windowless. Bricks, pipes, wiring, fixtures, plumbing and woodwork have in most cases been spirited away. It is a scene almost incomprehensible to the casual observer, and both stultifying and numbing to the minds of those residents who must come downtown and encounter it each day. It is, one person told me, like looking at a part of your own body withering away, unbandaged and putrifying. We are not talking here about a few buildings, we are talking about a whole section of the city, occupying several square miles.

Along with the physical devastation, there goes with it a leaking loyalty, a loss of pride, a feeling of helplessness, a mental devastation. "Someone should do a doctoral thesis on what this has done to the generation that has seen nothing else in Gary for fifteen years," one person told us. Another said that she took her young children, now grown, to other cities to let them see buildings being built, because they could not find that experience in the city of Gary.

It is perhaps typical of the Post-Tribune that they have chosen one building in the midst of this devastation—the Memorial Auditorium—and asked their readers to come up with ideas as to whether the building, sealed for many years, should be preserved. They got a lot of mileage out of that building at the Post-Tribune, printing letter after letter about how, thirty or forty years ago, the writer's graduation was held there. It made excellent copy. But the newspaper ignored entirely the holocaust next to, across the street, down the block from, and all around that sad building. Remember the famous Life Magazine photo of a Chinese baby crying in the rubble of a bombed-out railroad station? What the Post-Tribune has done is to ask the equivalent of 'should we provide diapers for the baby?' rather than 'should we do something about the war?'

The increase of unemployment in Gary has created a strong need for greater city services, and placed an almost-unendurable economic burden on welfare, from the medical and child-care and job-training services to providing heat and light in homes, providing the homes themselves, and

providing food on the table.

Funds for paying the electric utilities, the food stores that redeem coupons, and the landlords to whom welfare recipients pay rent, have run out, some as long ago as two years. Food, light, heat, and rent coupons are no longer being accepted as of this writing, and winter is here.

To make matters still worse, the need for services and rehabbed buildings has made it necessary to remove still more real estate from the tax rolls and turn them into city property, thereby reducing still further the available monies needed to provide these services.

There is the perception that the city has no clear direction, despite what others perceive as the extraordinary leadership of the mayor.

There is the perception of corruption, rampant and constant, from the mayor's office on down, despite the fact that in his seventeen years of administration, not a single act of corruption has been found. "And we have been investigated by experts, again and again and again," says the mayor.

There is the perception (by Whites) that in the natural state of things Gary should have no friends. And, since none have come forward anywhere in support of the city—neither president nor federal congressmen or senators nor state officials or the local newspaper or the Church or anyone else—everything the Whites believe is thereby confirmed.

Then there is the perception by Black residents that perhaps the Whites are right. These inversions go on and on.

There is the perception that Gary has backed itself into a corner from which there is no escape.

The Way Out

Maybe Gary could make it on its own eventually. Maybe not.

Right now it doesn't have to matter.

Because something has come along that is so big, so overpowering, so potentially profitable, and so unrelated to anything that the Whites or Blacks have thought about, as to make all previous quarrels simply a part of past history.

In Pennsylvania they once discovered something under the ground that changed the course of Pennsylvania's history: oil.

* EPSON * TELEVIDEO * FRANKLIN

We carry software for these and many other brands of microcomputers.

Specializing in helping small businesses with their computer problems.



INDIANA
COMPUTER
CENTER

2515 E. MICHIGAN BLVD.
MICHIGAN CITY, IN 46360
219-874-2200

ANNOUNCING

HARBOR POINTE

Overlooking beautiful Lake Michigan on one side, and the tranquil Galien River on the other, Harbor Pointe is a world all its own.

Limited to just thirty homes, you're surrounded by beauty - not bustle. And, of course, each Harbor Pointe Condominium has its own boat slip, just steps from your door.

Visit our sales office and capture the feeling in a bird's eye view through a scale model.

HARBOR POINTE
501 N. WHITTAKER
NEW BUFFALO, MI.
49117
616/469-4520

At Sutters' Mill in California they discovered something in the mountainsides: gold.

And in Northwest Indiana we are discovering something in the air: regional tourism.

Regional tourism is a game that requires a lot of players. It requires that everybody in Lake, Porter, and LaPorte counties play.

If we play the game well, it will pump more money than Pennsylvanians got for their oil, or Californians for their gold. (We may be exaggerating here a little, but not very much.)

It will bring with it some 20,000 jobs, many hundreds of new businesses, many thousands of tourists from all over the world, and many millions of dollars.

It will raise the real estate values of everyone's home who is reading this by maybe 20 percent. And that's \$20,000 more than you have right now, to spend any way you want to spend it.

European vacations. A 24-foot yacht. A Mercedes-Benz. A college education for the kids—the works.

It will raise your salary, too, maybe 20 percent, and hold at that level every year for the rest of your life.

It will increase your income from investments in new businesses here (or elsewhere), and forever keep financial worry from your door.

Does that sound good?

There is one catch.

Black brothers and White brothers will have to join hands in a firm handshake and agree to work together for the benefit of all.

If you dump on Gary, you are shooting yourself in the wallet—and this is the most painful injury of all.

You must work to bring business into Gary, you must unite as a township, a county, a region, to restore to Gary at least some of her former lustre. You must give her a fighting chance to be thought well of again by the boys at your bowling alley, the restaurant where you eat lunch, your cronies who also like yachts and RV's and European vacations.

Only then will the newspaper, the Church, the governor of Wisconsin's secretary, the president of Britt Airlines, the House and Senate of the State of Indiana, and everybody else in America begin to see Gary in the proper light.

And only then will the banks let their money flow into private sector regional development, the South Shore begin its new spurs, the shuttle trains come to carry tourists across our dunes, the restaurants and motels and tourist destinations arise, and the world of travel organizations start putting Duneland-Indiana on their priority lists.

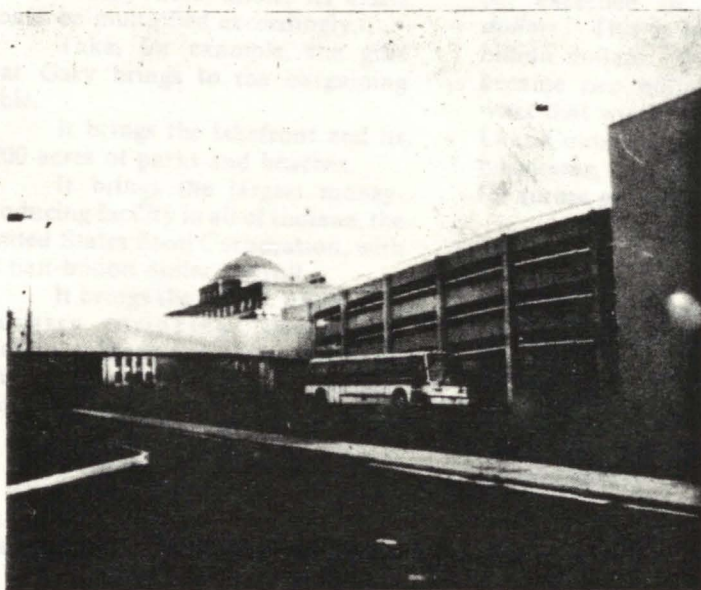
When the world sees us as a progressive, united place, factories will come here, too, and all the other requisites of becoming the new showplace for the world to visit.

Then your spirits will rise, and your bank account along with it.

It happens all the time in places (like Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and in regions on both coasts of America and many cities in between) where the citizens have banded together, faced their problems, accepted them as challenges, overcome them, and forged ahead.

And it will happen here.

Every new industry that comes to Gary will be putting dollars into your pockets. Every family off the welfare rolls and into new jobs will be making you rich. Every new store on Broadway, every new home in the inner city will be lining your pockets.



The old and the new: giant new parking garages to hold several thousand cars surround Genesis and the Benjamin Transportation Center. Modern city bus, one of a fleet of many, shown in front. At right is one of the old ethnic churches, many of which abound inside the city, and dramatically recount the story of the 75 national groups which have since 1906 contributed to the diverse life of the city. Someone ought to conduct tours of these magnificent edifices.



"Look at the new Gary," folks—and finally, the governor—will say.

And, finally, look at Duneland-Indiana, the new travel destination of America.

And suppose, for those of little faith who are reading this, that regional tourism never gets off the ground. Will your Brotherhood have been wasted? All that smiling and handshaking and speech-making for nothing?

No, not a sweaty, hesitant palm of it.

For in the offing, and offering great promise of its own, is the unrealized economic potential of Lake County, which strains even now to be unleashed.

Every Lake County leader, Black and White, has spoken out for Image and the end of Polarization and the need for Unification in order to achieve new, high dollar-and-cents objectives. The pie could be many times the scale of the present economy, with the end nowhere in sight.

There is County Tourism (remember 'Lake's Got It?'). A proper swarm of county tourism, from Chicago's multitudes, into Lake's parks, motels, fairs, cities, shops, restaurants. If the county were whole, its assets would be multiplied exceedingly.

Take, for example, the gifts that Gary brings to the bargaining table.

It brings the lakefront and its 1200 acres of parks and beaches.

It brings the largest money-producing facility in all of Indiana, the United States Steel Corporation, with its half-billion dollar payroll.

It brings the gift of water—for industry, drinking, swimming, boating, sailing, canoeing, water-and amusement parks. Clean, unpolluted water.

It brings transportation from all over the Midwest by rail, automobile, bus, and air. It brings a new way to get to Lake County swiftly by car (Broadway exit on the Toll Road, and therefore potential for Genesis Center to become another Rosemont Horizon), and a grand, new, top-level airport for intense passenger traffic.

It brings conventioners, possibly tens of thousands of them, who need to be housed and dined in north and south Lake County.

It brings the possibility, in this rejoined and rebuilt county, of giant conventions that utilize all the facilities and more of Genesis, Holiday

Star, and the Hammond Civic Center.

It brings potential for a 2,000-slip marina which, joined with a marina in Hammond and one in East Chicago, could make Lake County the yachting capitol of the Great Lakes, with or without regional tourism.

It brings, with a renewed downtown Gary, the potential of a county-wide year-'round Gala, with massive entertainments, tours, museums, fetes, and lakeside events.

It brings the possibility of a 4,500-acre resort city on Lake County's lakefront, with a boardwalk, high-rise hotels, gaming casinos—a new American Las Vegas.

And it brings with it, depending on how you want to count it, the gift of some 200 million dollars in infrastructure already in place but untapped, and at the present time untappable—the National Lakeshore Park, Marquette Park, the Benjamin Metro Center, Genesis, Methodist and St. Mary's hospital facilities, Gary Community Mental Health facility, Indiana University campus, the airport, the Sanitation District's water projects, the new Gary buses, the Naval Reserve armory, and the Toll Road exit.

The present income of Gary residents, sorry as Gary is perceived to be, exceeded in 1980 *one billion dollars*. This is not a misprint: one billion dollars. What if that income became *two billion dollars*? Think what that would do to the tax rate of Lake County, what it could do for the businesses, the morale, the planning for future growth.

And it could easily happen.

But do you think anyone is crazy enough to build a giant marina or a lakefront resort complex in a city that can offer no county support? Where there are no restaurants, motels, or theatres, and the inner city is in shambles?

No, there has to be a groundswell of cooperation, of communion, of county-wide participation in the reconstruction of the new Gary, and the rejoining of Gary to the rest of the county in every sense of the word!

Gary has two more gifts to give to the county: one is the city of Chicago.

Without Gary you do not have Chicago and the vast Chicago market. You have an isolated East Chicago, an isolated Hammond, an isolated Merrillville and Crown Point and Cedar Lake and Lowell, each fighting its own

Country on the Square

We have the *BEST* in COUNTRY FURNITURE

—and—
We will custom build
to suit your needs!

Come In And See Us
9 E. Lincolnway • Valpo • 465-7174

No Deposit,
Great Return!



FUNDASIERS! Earn profits for your organization by selling Entertainment® '86. Over 400 coupons for restaurants, theatres, sports and hotels... all at "50% OFF" or "2 for 1".

For more information call
(219) 884-4400

ENTERTAINMENT
PUBLICATIONS, INC.
25 Years - Over 60 cities!

Computerland

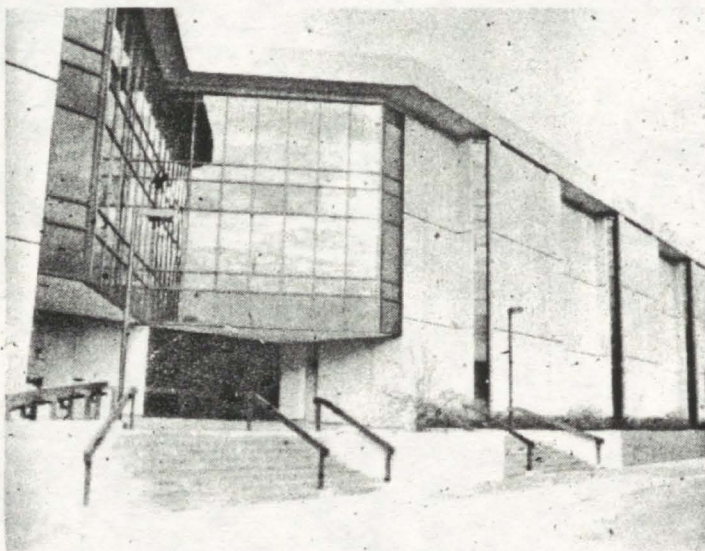
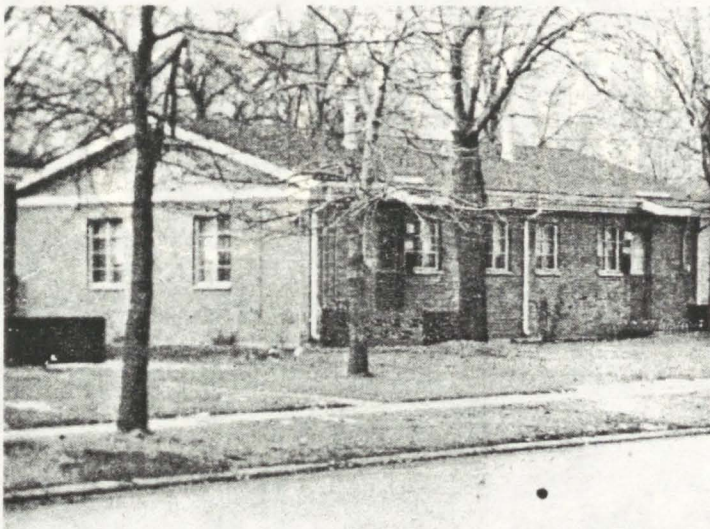
there's
only one
number one
over 900 stores worldwide

The only factory authorized
sales and service center in
the LaPorte area for

IBM • **COMPAQ** • APPLE

- Extensive inventory of professional software
- Training on and off premise
- Largest in-store selection of hardware
- Comprehensive consultation services, systems analysis and trouble shooting.

4225 S. Franklin
Michigan City, IN 46360
(219) 879-6500



The Face of Today's Gary: House above, built in the '60's or '70's is modern, well-kept, on a street of similar homes in a neighborhood of nice homes, in a district of homes reflecting the comfort and well-being of Gary's Black community.

Large building is the new library on I.U.'s expanding campus.

"We must never lose sight of the fact that most of the people who live in Gary are living pretty well." Mayor Richard G. Hatcher.

Large photo is of a bustling downtown Gary near the intersection of 5th and Broadway looking north. A new Wendy's, not visible in picture, has just opened near the corner.

Convention delegates at the Baptist Educational Convention of 1984 enjoying the summer sun on the plaza of the Genesis Center.

At right are some representative kids of Gary, children who have grown up in this city of their peers. They asked us to take their picture here, in front of their City Hall.



small, valiant, cost-inefficient battle for some Chicago tourist and manufacturing business.

The second gift is the stopping power along the Toll Road and on I-94 of the travelers going cross-country from Chicago to the East, travelers who could constitute an enormous market for all of Lake County, once they drop down from the superhighways into Gary, a market now entirely lost, and worth millions and millions of dollars.

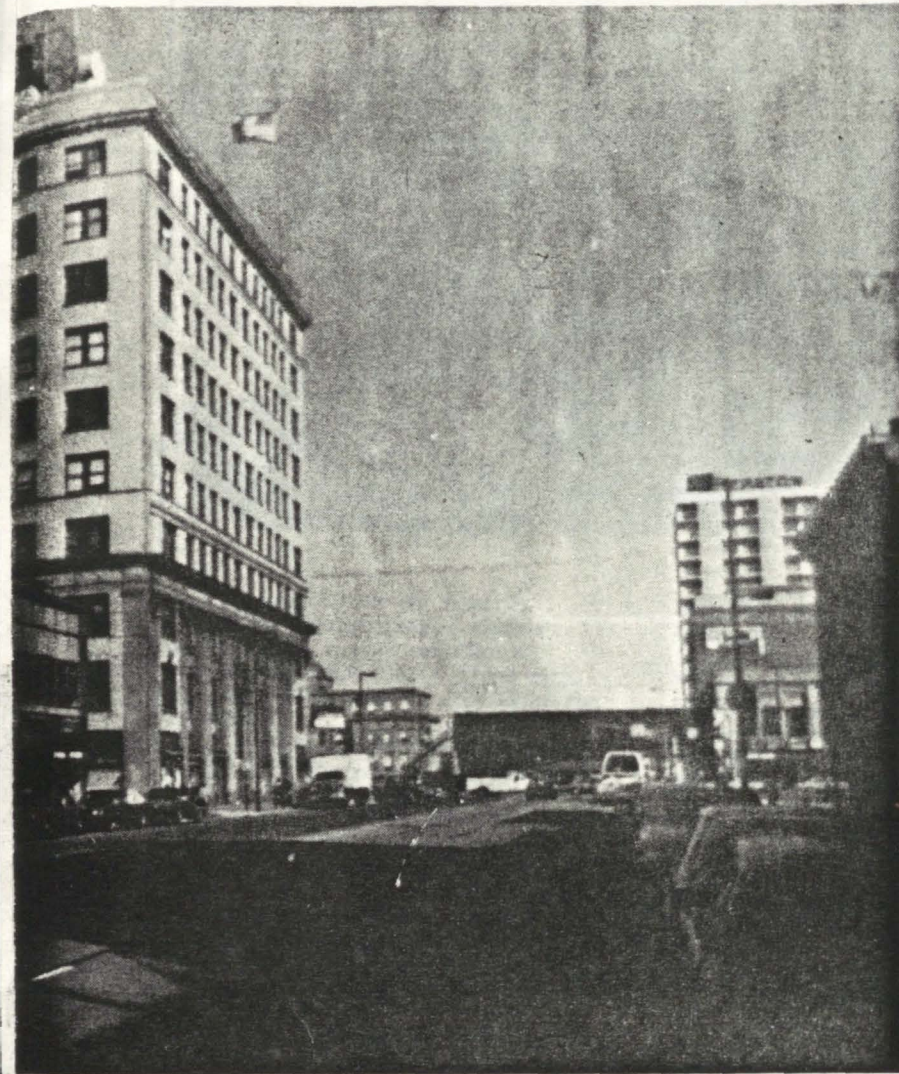
The third and final gift is the gift of a renewed Gary to you. The old Gary, when Broadway was in full flower, was a grimy commercial marketplace in a town filled with corruption and neon lights. (We may be doing the memory of Gary an injustice here.)

But the *new* Gary, given ten years or so, could be as pleasant a place for you and your family to spend a day or evening or weekend as any city to which you have ever been. Entertainment. Restaurants. Marinas. Fairs. Parks. Beaches. Fine shops. Exclusive stores. The dynamics of a bustling city on the move again, where new Memorial Auditoriums, ice rinks, indoor tennis courts, museums, trips to the National Lakeshore and up on the shuttle to Dunes State Park or Michigan City will be only minutes away by train. It will be a cosmopolitan city, where you will bring your friends from out-of-town, to show them how far it has come from the days when you remembered its bad times.

You will gamble at its lakefront casinos, take boatrides from its docks, keep your sailboat at its marina, play on its renewed waterfront, and visit again and again the expositions and galas at its Genesis Center complex. You will fly from its airport and welcome your friends incoming from there. And visit your friends who have moved their homes and businesses back.

And you will do so with a new pride, for this Gary will have made your life safe, your home safe, your real estate safe, and will have sent your kids to college.

So let's stop shooting ourselves in the wallet, every time we take aim at Gary today. Start planning for that European vacation, the fat bank account, and the new 24-foot—no, make that a twenty-eight foot cruiser.





An Interview With

State Senator Carolyn Mosby, (D), Third Senate District, State of Indiana

I don't think we want to emphasize or deemphasize Gary's Blackness. It is the evolution of events that made this a Black city. We are merely what is left after the holocaust.

The first thing we have to do is to make the rest of the world comfortable with that (blackness), especially the rest of the State....

Even before Hatcher, in the Fifties and Sixties, Blacks built many of their homes here themselves. I can remember the excitement of young couples making their plans, hiring their contractors. Now while Blacks can live here, they cannot spend here, because there are so few stores. It is so ironic that so much Gary money goes to the Jewel Food Store in Hammond, and to Merrillville, for purchases of goods and services. We need a concerted, definitive approach to replacing businesses.

There is no consortium of banks to make loans here. The banks do not want to make loans here. I fear that the things the banks perceive as in their best interest, are in the worst interest of Gary. They are closing down their branches in the inner city, while they go out and buy banks in Crown Point and other suburbs. Even Valparaiso.

When bills come up in the senate for annexation, I always offer an amendment to reverse the annexation (that made Merrillville a town) up here. I do it as a joke, more or less, but I want to keep reminding them of the great economic cost of having done it once.

I am concerned about I.U. in Gary. The great majority of students are Black. But the Black faculty have had to go elsewhere to achieve tenure, career advancement, and honors. There is no Black Chancellor

here, but there is a female Chancellor.

I worry about I.U. 'decentralizing' classes. It might be a fine idea in other communities, but in this community if you make it easy for students to go somewhere else instead of coming to the Gary campus, you have the beginning of a dismantling situation.

Blackness (of Gary) can be capitalized as an asset or uniqueness. I've said that repeatedly in the Senate. I said that the state should become comfortable with the fact of Gary being a predominantly Black city, having Black government. It is unique to Indiana. It is not going to go away. There is no other community quite like this. Let us convert this into a positive rather than a negative — and the State is beginning to come around to that notion.

Sometimes, when I am in Indianapolis, I forget blackness entirely. But not everyone is on my plateau and I have to prove myself all over again. First they see me as a Black, second as a female, and then if they find out I'm from Gary that is the third barrier that I have to overcome. You don't start out "even", you start "behind" the line. Now to me, I view that and accept that as their problem. I'm already okay, and I know that I'm okay. I don't have a problem. And they will discover it down the line. It's really a handicap for them that they don't accept it. People don't overcome those barriers automatically or instantly, and I wait for them to catch up.

The senators...most of them, are not aware of what life is like for me when I am not down there with them. It takes all my time attempting to orient them, giving them background to move Gary and

Lake County ahead.

They often don't accept the fact that we have problems in Gary because they just don't accept the idea that there could be such problems. I'm the ranking democratic member of the Economic Development Committee in the Senate, and had a bill in the committee on getting the State to set aside money for minority franchises. My bill has since become a model for other states to use, embraced by the International Franchise Association. It passed in the Maryland legislature, for example. But here in Indiana, the Chairman of the Committee, Jim Butcher, who is a friend of mine, said "Are you trying to tell me that if I go into a bank to get a loan and I'm White, that I have a better chance than you because you're Black?"

It was a sincere and honest question.

I have to respect the fact that he does not know what we face. The bottom line was that there was nobody in the Republican caucus to make Poor Relief an issue. In the Democratic caucus we talk about it all the time. I asked the Senate Finance Committee Chairman, Larry Borst, how we can address this, and he said "there is no one in the Republican caucus to bring it up for discussion". So I went to my friends Jim Butcher and Bill Costas, both Born-Again Christians, and I said "you are always talking against abortion and all this moral stuff. How can you fail to fight to take care of these babies that have been born and whose parents need assistance!". "Good point" they said, and at the next caucus meeting they did bring up poor relief, albeit briefly.

Someone came over to me and said "the subject of poor relief came up in our caucus"—but by then it was too late in the session to

get any mileage out of the effort.

Tomorrow I go to Fort Wayne for a 'legislative weekend'. It is to be a glamour weekend for the legislators.

I want my legislative colleagues to come to Gary for a 'hardship tour', so they can understand that these are human beings, citizens of Indiana, who are in need of extraordinary help from the state. I voted against a tax rebate for Hoosier taxpayers, asking legislatures, "how can you give back money when there are needs that are unmet?". "What needs?", I'm asked. I said, "economic distress". "The misery level", I said. Senate President Pro Tem Robert Parton said "You have to define 'misery level'". And I replied, "Anybody who comes from my part of the State doesn't need to have 'misery level' defined for them, but try 'homeless' and 'jobless' for openers."

I thought about having my business office (public relations/advertising agency) in the Gainer building at Fifth and Broadway (instead of in the Walgreen building a few doors South) but Gainer wanted twelve dollars a square foot for first floor space, and I suspect that even rents in Merrillville are probably not that high. Most Gary businesses cannot afford high rent and expensive overhead.

It is important to keep in mind always the 150,000 people here,

who are wonderful people. That is the basic and exquisite resource of Gary—its people. They give a lot of love. Besides that we are fortunate enough to be living through the period of the restructuring of a city, and that is an exciting opportunity, although pain goes with that as with any growth. Those who are witnessing this will have a sense of pride for the sacrifices we have made and for the survival — the sheer survival — of this city.

I have always viewed the exodus of some groups as creating opportunity for others!!

Sometimes I ride the Greyhound (to Indianapolis), sometimes Trailways, sampling what folks say. Prior to the opening of the Adam Benjamin Center, Trailways and Greyhound wouldn't stop at Gary at night. Not safe at night, they say. I have to get off at Hammond. Bus drivers say this, ticket agents say this, so people who buy tickets hear this. Its something we've got to work on. (Editors note: Since the new Benjamin Metro Center opened in November, bot' Greyhound and Trailways stop there and have ticket offices there.)

The unacceptable consensus is by the folks who left Gary and who now want to run it from the suburbs where they are.

Economic distress is not a color problem. Half the folks who call me about losing their jobs are not Black.

Gary has these barriers:

Euro-ethnicity and color. When you put them together it is a double-whammy.

When I have to speak at schools like Andrean (in Merrillville) and the kids ask me why we've got all these boarded-up buildings, I tell them to go home and ask their parents because we still live in Gary. WE didn't leave those buildings vacant. Those folks who left are responsible, so you've got to put things into focus.

The cycle that Gary has gone through in the last 20 years is like a nerve shock. My daughter is 17, and for ten years of her life she and her peers saw only demolition. You cannot expect that people are going to maintain a fine appreciation for maintaining things when all they see is buildings being demolished.

It becomes the normal landscape. It becomes the way of life. What we saw was people moving out of homes and moving out of businesses. Then the buildings become vandalized, then the BlockClub complains that the vandalized building is an eyesore and unsafe and we want it demolished. So most of the community development dollars that we could have used positively were used to demolish buildings in response to public pressure.

Biography

Senator Carolyn Brown Mosby, (D), elected to the State Senate in 1982 after serving two terms in the Indiana House of Representatives. Represents Indiana's Third Senate District, which includes all of Gary and Lake Station. She is the author of numerous bills in both the Indiana Senate and House of Representatives. Her office is in downtown Gary. Married, mother of two children.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY
PCALUMET 40
...from 1946 to the future.

**MOULIN
ROUGE
ANTIQUES**

*Chance or Appointment
Appraisals*

39 East 600 North
Valparaiso, Ind. 46383
Open Daily

462-0035

An Interview With

Reverend William D. Booth, First Baptist Church of Gary



Two years after the founding of Gary, members of its Black community founded the First Baptist Church. Its present building, constructed by Black contractor Andrew Means, impressed us on a recent visit with its 818-pipe organ, the great size and beauty of its worshipping hall, its state-of-the-art electronics and computer equipment, telepromptors for both the chorus and the minister, and an electric lifting chair for those unable to walk the stairs.

We were also impressed by its current, often outspoken, pastor, the Reverend William D. Booth who grew up in Gary at the knee of another First Baptist Church pastor, Rev. L. V. Booth, his father.

Some years ago a group of Whites 'suggested' that a White church be given the name 'First Baptist' because, after all, they were White, and 'Second Baptist' would not sound very appropriate. But the Black leadership persisted, being, of course, the first Baptist church in Gary, and retained their legitimate name.

The Interview

It is fair to say that Gary should be the principal entity of the Region, and when that is acknowledged, the other Lake County towns and cities will see themselves as being satellites to the principal city.

One problem with this is that they have not been able to deal on a peer level with Blacks in control. There is also a sense in which those outside Gary want to continue to feed off of Gary, and deny Gary a chance to move forward on its own.

So when they look for plant sites they look everywhere but Gary rather than to maximize that principal entity that has been denied in any number of ways by the State and others.

Why is Gary the principal entity? Because of its size, population, and the fact that it has the largest wealth-producing industry in the region — U.S. Steel. In the surrounding areas they

are not producing wealth per se, they are producing service industries. And being 'the largest wealth producing area in the Region,' means a larger tax base for the State.

If Gary can become great again, —and I think that the greatness is inherent — the rest of the entities can feed off that greatness. Look at the surrounding areas of Knoxville for example (where I lived until my return in 1981). They get stronger and stronger because Knoxville continues to grow.

How do we resolve these problems? At the county level there must be equitable and legitimate placement of membership of their largest population area, Gary, on bodies that make the decisions that matter. Proportional representation, which we do not now have.

They should be so concerned about the viability of the Region that they will come to us. They should want all of those who have a legitimate voice to be there, because that is the only way the Region is going to survive. And if those at decision-making levels will insure that that happens, that becomes their lifeline as well. Our inability to succeed is going to hold them back. They cannot take wings without us.

Where inclusion has not been made, let them work toward it, whatever they label it — goal, quota, purpose, standard, whatever. Go after it, for the sake of the Region. Sublimate all those racial fears and begin to work on it. It would be misspent energy to try to unite Merrillville back into Gary. Let us work to develop cooperative relationships.

It all has to be on the economic level, and that takes it out of the racial category. Take for example the obsession of Knoxville, Tennessee: Neyland Stadium, where the Vols play. It seats 95,000. Neyland, for whom it was named, said that a Black would never play on that ball team. He is dead now and he would roll over in his grave to know

they've had three Black quarterbacks. And it has been their obsession with winning, which is so great, that the issue of race is irrelevant.

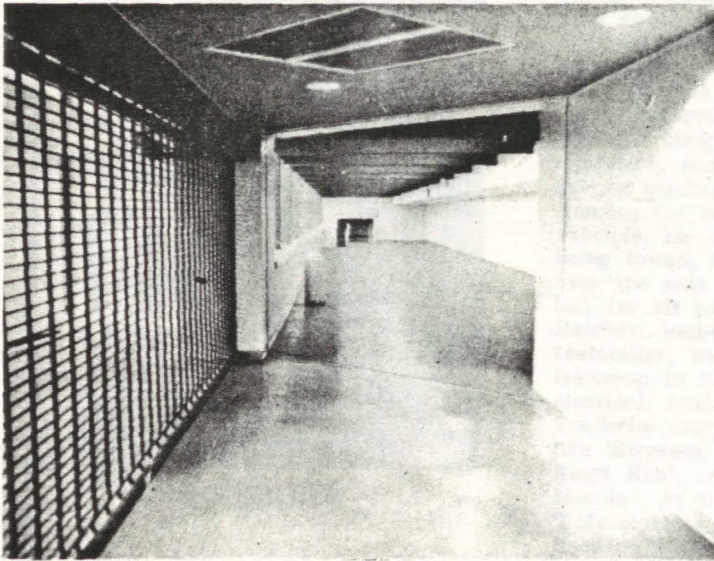
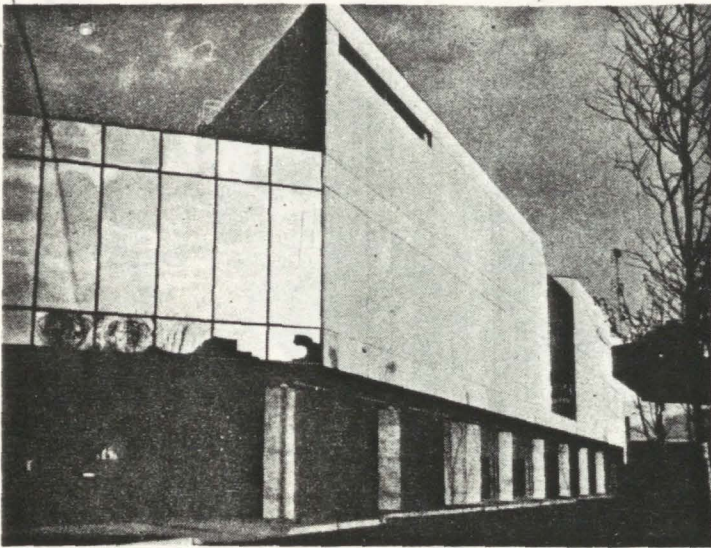
The reason efforts are beginning to be made here is that they can see they are in the loss column. It is not goodwill (that they will come to us for) but gold. I, for one, am willing to accept the gold for now; the good will can come later.

The religious community has not shouldered up to its responsibilities. We must do some bridge-building to shatter the mythology.

Everyone pays for the ghetto, said an article in the Post-Tribune recently. How we pay in law enforcement! When we see the expense we have gone to, to put our foot on somebody else! Lift it, and you'll start running. Cities that are on the move — Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, others — have made some kind of truce with the race thing.

It is hard to talk about a resort out here when the fire and police departments are still falling apart. We must shore up our infrastructure — basic services, bridges, roads, people, all simultaneously.

Mayor Hatcher? The barnacles from previous years prevent him from functioning fully and effectively. Everyone thinks of him as a charismatic leader, but 20 years is enough, and he should exit with some salvageable halo so we can still preserve his rightly deserved place in history as a pioneer. There is a time for everything; a time to occupy the seat of power and a time to relinquish the seat of power. The leader who perceives himself as the owner of the seat of power will balk in relinquishing it, but will reap the ravaging whirlwinds of history.

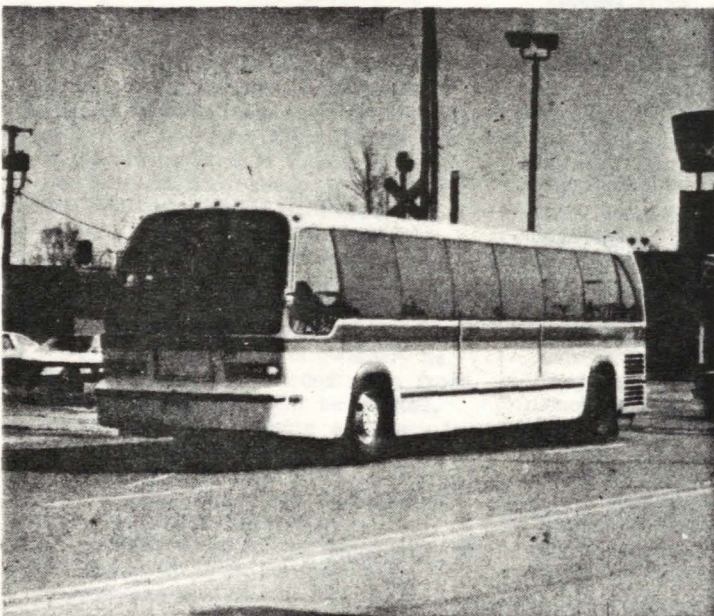


More photos of Today's Gary:
upper left: The outside of the brand-new Adam Benjamin Transportation Center, which combines local bus terminal with terminals for Greyhound and Trailways, the downtown station of the South Shore Railroad, a taxi stand, shops, restaurant, ticket offices and waiting area. Waiting area on second floor. Escalator is behind front row of chairs.

Long shopping corridor, with room for a dozen or so small shops connects the Transportation Center with the Genesis Center. Another similar corridor connects the Center with the South Shore platform.

Photo of bus shows part of the modern metropolitan bus fleet, all the lines of which terminate at the Benjamin Center.

Bulldozers across the street from the Senior Citizens building downtown, formerly the Hotel Gary, shown here as symbolic of Gary's downtown redevelopment.





An Interview With

Mayor Richard G. Hatcher, Mayor of the City of Gary



Biography

Mayor Hatcher was elected in 1967, is now in his fifth consecutive term. He talked with us during September and October of 1985. Before becoming Mayor, he served on the city council for twelve years, while practicing law first in East Chicago and then in Gary. Born in 1933 into the Black ghetto of Michigan City, Indiana, he is the youngest in a family of fourteen children, seven of whom died before reaching adulthood. His father, who could neither read nor write, was a skilled mechanic at the Pullman Car Works of Michigan City. Hatcher excelled in High School at track and football. Outraged when as a seventeen year old dishwasher, he saw a black couple turned away from the restaurant at which he worked, he vowed to help create a society in which Blacks had an equal chance. After graduating from IU Bloomington, he got his Law Degree from Valparaiso University.

When Hatcher ran for Justice of the Peace in 1958, he gave this

capsule biography to the Michigan City newspaper: 'I have grown up in a Christian home, where honesty is accentuated.'

Had he been White, his 'log cabin' background, his idealism, his financial struggles to get an education, and his difficulties getting elected to various offices (running for councilman in Gary, for example, his car was rammed, and on being towed, had liquor poured all over the seat and the empty bottle left for all to discover; but Hatcher, well-known as a confirmed teetotaler, was able to use this frame-up to help him win the election), would have made a wonderful story. Perhaps a movie, like 'Sargeant York' or 'All The Kings Men', or 'The Young Abe Lincoln'. At the very least, an 'Unforgettable Character' in the Reader's Digest.

But, alas for writers (and for Hatcher), he was Black; and who in the White world wants to read a success story, however poignant or well-deserved, about a Black!

This irony has followed him throughout his mayoral life, where expatriate Gary whites would rather perceive him as corrupt, scheming, inadequate to the task, interested in creating a monument to himself, supporting Gary on federal dollars; and, when it is all over, taking his newcomer, carpetbagger money and going off to some tropical island or, at the very least, back to Michigan City. Psychologists would call this a 'guilt-transference', every one who left Gary hoping that they can create enough of a smoke-screen to prove themselves right in having picked up all their marbles and moved away to a create an all-White game.

Elected to the Gary City Council in 1962, he was chosen by his colleagues to be the council president, an unprecedented honor

for a freshman councilman. (Note: for this biographical information we are indebted to the fine book "Gary: City of the Century" by James B. Lane [Indiana University Press, 1978].)

In his seventeen years in office, Mayor Hatcher has steered the course of Gary through the shoals of White flight, steel production drops, job losses, a housing drop and a full-scale recession.

One person we talked to called him "The Most Misunderstood Mayor in America."

The Interview

Almost every meeting I go to, people are talking about Image and Polarization, and I think this is very good, because it shows how much people are beginning to understand how this negative image prevents the area from realizing its potential. If we can find a way to overcome these perceived differences, then a great vision of Gary and the region becomes possible. You remember the Atlantis article you wrote in 'Dunes Country', where you describe a new Gary on lakefront land within what is now the U.S. Steel company acreage? Well, you could have written the script for what has already begun. At first, U.S. Steel had a position of absolute rejection, but it has been changed to 'we'll think about it'. So we got a group of businessmen together who raised the money for a study done by a Wisconsin company that does marina studies all over the country, and they are now doing a study not of the marina — that is a given — but the feasibility of lakefront development.